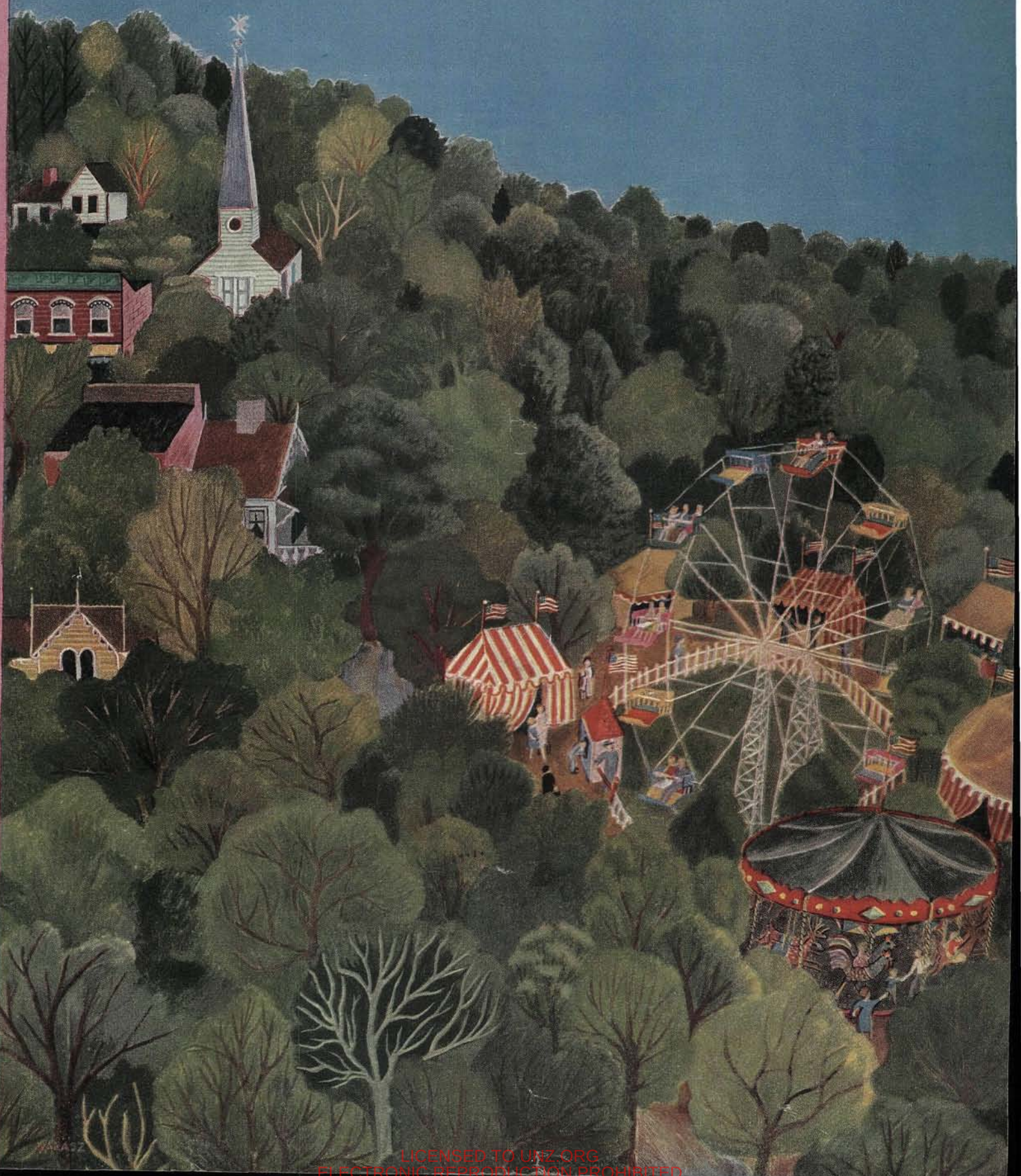
★ Sept. 1, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents



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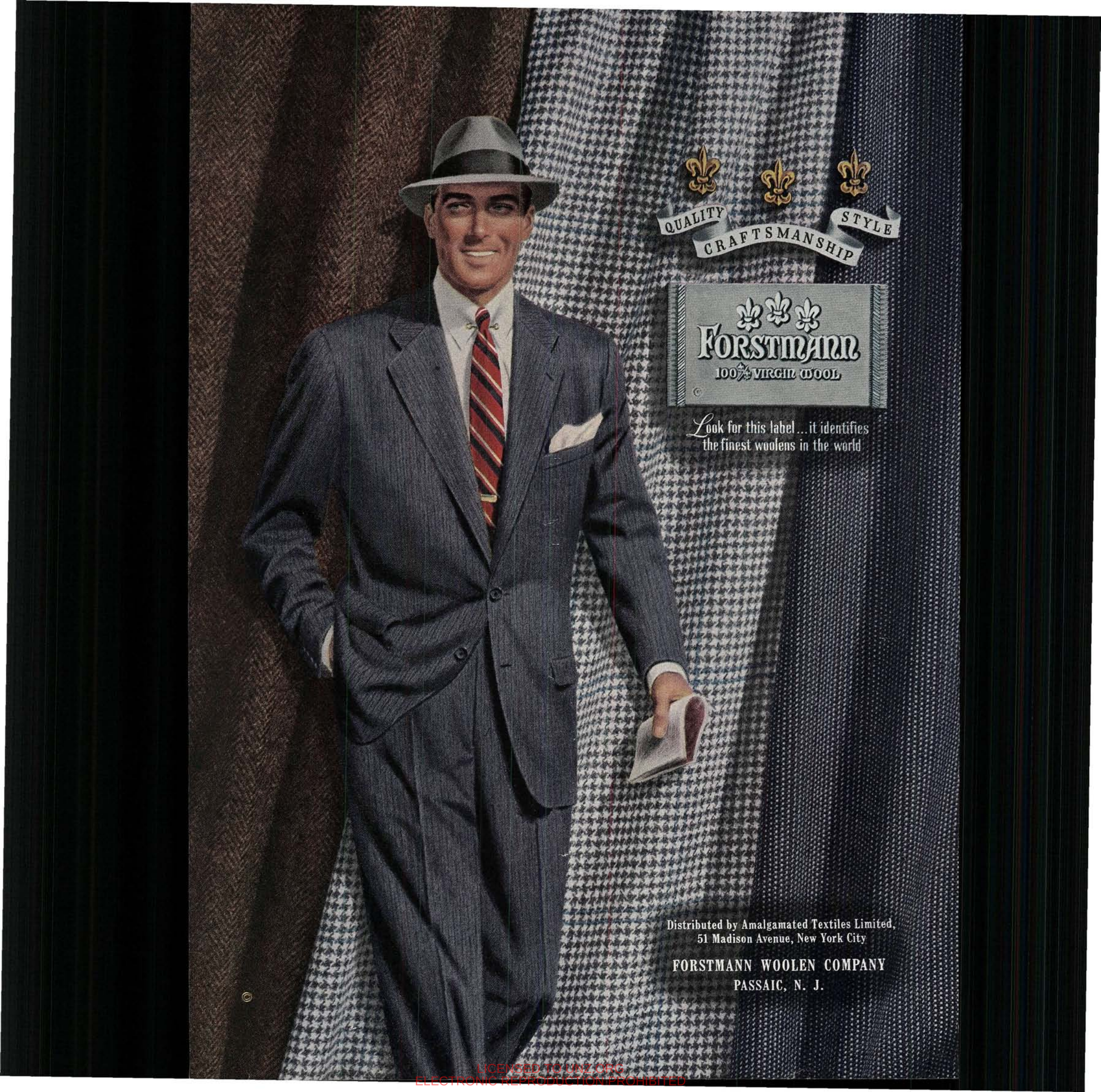

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WILLIAM HELBURN

Preferred Blonde

OUR COAT OF RIVER OTTER

Mellow color, a silvery beige blond—Hollander dyed.
Soft texture, magnet for the eyes, the fingertips.
Melting lines, and a collar that lies low, or rises.
A coat to top, beautifully, sleek city suits or rugged country tweeds.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE MOON IS BLUE—Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a comedy that is as smooth, and about as startling, as satin. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

THE ROSE TATTOO—Unlike the doomed and addled ladies who have concerned Tennessee Williams in the past, his heroine this time is a fiery Sicilian, who comes out all right in the end. On the whole, a very engaging play, and the performances, especially those of Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach, are extremely persuasive. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

STALAG 17—If you like rough jokes and simple melodramatic action, this play about a group of American airmen in a German prison camp may be just the thing for you. José Ferrer has directed a large and spirited company, including John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 5, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day.)

LONG RUN—AFFAIRS OF STATE: Love and politics in Washington, D.C. June Havoc now has the lead, and Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick are in it, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

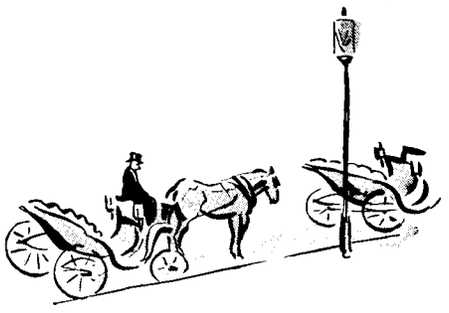
THE KING AND I—Rodgers and Hammerstein in notable form again, along "South Pacific" lines. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner play the leading parts in this musical taken from a novel about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

SEVENTEEN—More in the spirit of routine Broadway musical comedy than of Tarkington's famous story, but in summer weather you might do worse. With Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN—George Abbott and Betty Smith collaborated on this adaptation of her novel, Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields wrote the music and lyrics, and Shirley Booth is at the top of a talented cast, which includes Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey. The result is an unusually lively and moving show. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

TWO ON THE AISLE—An up-and-down revue that gets its best elevation when Bert Lahr is running through skits involving spaceships, ball players, opera singers, and Sanitation Department men. Dolores Gray and a capable company assist Mr. Lahr handsomely. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CALL ME MADAM: Ethel Merman as a lady ambassador. Also in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Shirl Conway, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large company. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 15.) . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Martha Stewart are some of the Runyon characters. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Roger Rico is now playing the cultured Frenchman to Martha Wright's Nellie Forbush. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

LACE ON HER PETTICOAT—Neva Patterson, Jeff Morrow, and Muriel Aked in a comedy-drama by Aimée Stuart. Produced and directed by Herman Shumlin. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 4. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET COMPANY—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Sept. 23—Tuesday evening, Sept. 4: "Serenade," "The Cage," "Pas de Trois," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 5: "The Duel," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Cakewalk," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 6: "Serenade," "The Miraculous Mandarin" (American première), "Divertimento," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 7: "Mother Goose Suite," "Age of Anxiety," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 8: "Serenade," "Pas de Trois," "Cakewalk," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 8: "The Duel," "The Cage," "Firebird," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

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THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing—the last one this season—of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

ABINGDON—Thursday, Aug. 30: "The Merchant of Venice." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Broadway." Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 3-4: "The Vinegar Tree." Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 5-6: "Light Up the Sky." Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8: "The Merchant of Venice." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

ANDOVER—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: "The Happy Time." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 3-8: Eve Arden in "Here Today." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Sept. 8, at 2:30.)

CAPE MAY—Through Sunday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "The Respectful Prostitute" and "Fumed Oak." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly at 8:40.)

CHATHAM—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Here Today." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

CLINTON—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Friday at 2:30.)

COHASSET—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "The Desert Song." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

COONAMESSETT—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: Carol Bruce in "Pal Joey." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

CRAGSMOOR—Through Sunday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "The Two Mrs. Carrolls." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Sunday at 2:45.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Estelle Winwood in "A Door to a Room," a new play. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Friday at 2:30.)

DUXBURY—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Lady Windermere's Fan." (Duxbury Theatre, Duxbury, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Edna Best in "The Foreign Language," a new play by S. N. Behrman. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Friday at 2:40.)

FITCHBURG—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: "Lady in the Dark." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 3-8, Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)

HYANNIS—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Brigadoon." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.)

LAMBERTVILLE—"Finian's Rainbow." (Lambert-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVII, No. 29, Sept. 1, 1951. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1951, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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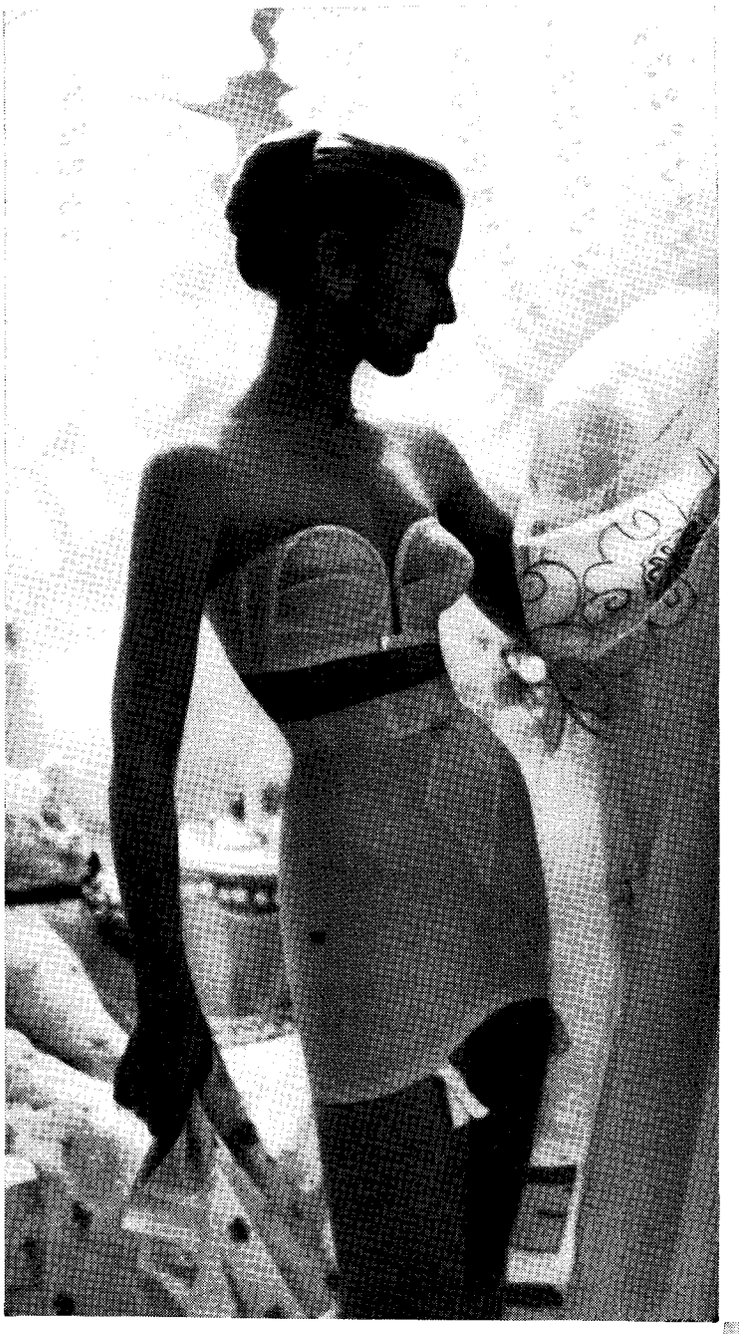

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ville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAHOPAC—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Death of a Salesman." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly at 8:40.)

MARBLEHEAD—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Joan Bennett in "Susan and God." (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

MILLBURN—"Sally." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: Claire Luce in "A Streetcar Named Desire." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 3-8: Ruth Chatterton in "The Little Foxes." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOUNT KISCO—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: "Come Back, Little Sheba." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 3-8: Mady Christians in "I Remember Mama." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

MOYLAN—Thursday, Aug. 30: "No Exit." Friday, Aug. 31: "The Imaginary Invalid." Saturday, Sept. 1: "Yes Is for a Very Young Man." Monday, Sept. 3: "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg." Thursday, Sept. 6: "Nathan the Wise." Friday, Sept. 7: "In the Summerhouse." Saturday, Sept. 8: "Six Characters in Search of an Author." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Evenings at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: John Loder and Frances Reid in "When Ladies Meet." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 3-8: Kay Francis in "Mirror, Mirror." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NORWICH—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Henry Hull in "Come Back, Little Sheba." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: Basil Rathbone in "The Gioconda Smile." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 3-8 (final performances of the season): Joan Blondell in "Come Back, Little Sheba." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OLNEY—Through Sunday, Sept. 2: Veronica Lake in "The Curtain Rises." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 4-9: Leo G. Carroll in "Home at Seven," a new play by R. C. Sherriff. (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "Suspect." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly at 8:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Look Ma, I'm Dancing." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly at 8:40.)

PRINCETON—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Constance Bennett in "Skylark." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

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PROVINCETOWN—Through Monday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): "You Never Can Tell." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Melvyn Douglas and Signe Hasso in "Glad Tidings," a new comedy. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40.)

SEA CLIFF—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: Burl Ives in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 3-8 (final performances of the season): Miriam Hopkins in "Told to the Children," a new play. (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Fourposter," a new play by Jan de Hartog. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 3-8: "The Pursuit of Happiness." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

SMITHTOWN BRANCH—Through Sunday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "Tobacco Road." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Thursday at 2:40.)

SPRING LAKE—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: "Born Yesterday." Starting Monday, Sept. 3: "Birds of Prey," a new play. (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays at 2:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Mady Christians in "I Remember Mama." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

WESTHAMPTON BEACH—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 3-8 (final performances of the season): Constance Bennett in "Skylark." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinée Wednesday at 2:30.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: Margaret Phillips in "A Case of Scotch," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 3-8 (final performances of the season): Josephine Hull, Tom Ewell, and June Lockhart in "Kin Hubbard," a new play. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Fridays at 2:40.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "The Inspector Calls." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly at 8:40.)

WORCESTER—Through Saturday, Sept. 1: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 3-8: "Tobacco Road." (The Playhouse, Worcester, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)

NOTE—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: Programs of ballet, and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Lillian Moore, José Limón and his company, and La Meri. (Lee, Mass. Performances at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the subterranean Garden, halfway to China, Jules Lande's orchestra plays quietly for dancing at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Sammy Kaye's band pours its music on a large and troubled sea of dancers after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—String music during dinner on the Cascades Roof, which closes on Friday, Aug. 31. On Tuesday, Sept. 4, the Madison Room will reopen, also to the accompaniment of string music. Except Sundays, the same sort of stuff goes on at cocktail time in the Palm Court. No dancing anywhere.

CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The ceilings of this lineal descendant of the Ritz are a lot closer to zero than they were in the old place, but Emery Deutsch's musicians are still on hand at dinner, except on Sundays, in the big restaurant to make the transition as painless as possible. No dancing.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—On Thursday, Sept. 6, this stately pleasure *dome will resume its seasonal activities. Ted* Straeter, a well-known life of the party, will be on the podium, and his orchestra and Pancho's long-silent rumba band will make the night merry from dinnertime on.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Where those who have no problems go to get away from them all. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing. Closed Sunday and Labor Day.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, there's a show at dinner and supper on the disappearing ice rink. The guests perform more sedately, on solid ground, to Bernie Cummins' music. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

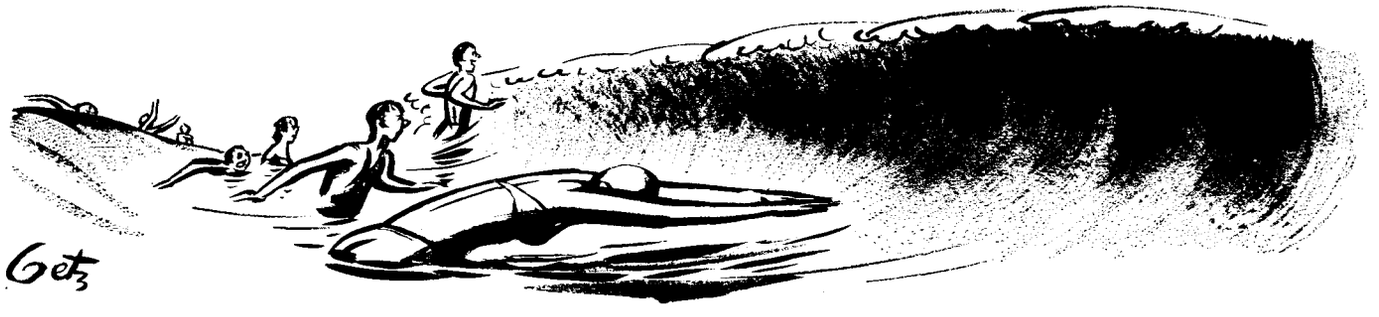
PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully period-piece, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras glide from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sunday.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing. Closed Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 1-2.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Mark Monte and his Continentals make most of the music for dancing in the Grill at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, a beautiful pink cloud, is just a comfortable elevator ride from midtown. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw noodle around all evening, and the customers waltz like mice. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-



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2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—This non-charitable institution for seemingly homeless, but undeniably well-turned-out, waifs will reopen Tuesday, Sept. 4. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Escapists in a hurry might try the terrace, which is surrounded by trees, grass, fireflies, and other natural phenomena. Dancing for non-escapists.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Robert Maxwell shows up soon after ten to warm his harp to fever heat, and Carmen Torres, a soprano not wholly aware of her own strength, sings handsomely, if a bit too preciously. Emile Petti's orchestra alternates with Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, Miguelito Valdes' and Mischa Borr's orchestras at both dinner and supper. A group of dancers called the Hamiltons have the floor when the customers are taking their ease. On Thursday, Sept. 6, everyone but the Borr group gives way to the band of Vaughn Monroe, the Voice of Doom. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at twelve. Dancing.

NOTE—The town's most romantic view of fantastic, improbable old Manhattan is just outside the windows of the Rainbow Room, now a cocktail lounge, open from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Incidental music, too, by Chico-Relli's trio. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who remembers when Wall Street was considered way uptown, displays his indestructible grin and bouncy dance band here from eight-thirty on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Saturday, Sept. 1, through Labor Day.... **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): On Wednesday, Sept. 5, this calm, cool, and collected oasis reopens, again with Alex Fogarty casually stroking a piano after nine. Closed Saturday, Sept. 8.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a nimble collection of table-hoppers. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Ira Brant's trio plays after dinner, except Sundays, in this guys-and-dolls trysting place.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Sunday and Labor Day.... **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 4, with a familiar routine—Harry Meyerowitz's piano at cocktails, Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, the Latin Eddie Condon, treats his dinner and supper guests to some deft guitar, song, dance, and banter. Closed Tuesdays.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-0063): Jim Mahoney plays an excellent grade of drawing-room piano from nine o'clock on. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays.... **LA COMMEDIA**, 50 W. 52nd St. (PL 0-3477): After the theatre, Sheila Barrett lets some all too prevalent types have it right between the eyes. Laurie Brewis is at the piano from nine until dawn. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

RIVIERA, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): If you drive all the way out here, you can have dinner with the same boys you rubbed elbows with at the race track. If you sit at the right table, you can also have a fine view of the George Washington Bridge. Through Wednesday, Sept. 5, Victor Borge will be talking around and about his piano. The following evening, Lena Horne will begin displaying her tiger-cat voice and undulations.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): On Thursday, Sept. 6, Joe E. Lewis will be back in town with a lively collection of small

talk.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Juanita Hall chants her last ballad here on Saturday, Sept. 1. François and Giselle Szony may well be the neatest dance team now operating in these parts. The rest of the doings are right out of Channel 7.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5098): In the lounge, starting around ten, the infinite variety of Eadie and Rack's pianoforte pranks. After Thursday, Aug. 30, closed until Thursday, Sept. 6. On that day, a horn of plenty starts pouring in the back room—anecdotes by the masterly Orson Bean, humor by Odette Myrtil (a wise old-timer), pantomiming of records by the new Coast team of Doodles and the Spider, glamour-puss songs by Barbara Cook, and the joyous music of the Ellis Larkin Trio, plus the piano of Stuart Ross and Bart Howard.... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Will reopen Wednesday, Sept. 5, with some tried-and-true friends—Ronny Graham on his analyst's couch, the Three Riffs and their jump tunes, the Norman Paris Trio and its celestial music, and Julius Monk at his piano.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-0355): Will reopen Friday, Sept. 7, with Shoshana Damari, a small, fetching, and limpidly lyric siren from Israel. Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, headmasters and piano duettists of this Village academy, present Herb Corey's sardonic foolery. Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Closed until Tuesday, Sept. 4, when the old, familiar crew—Jimmie Daniels, Norene Tate, Alice Ghostley and G. Wood, and Mae Barnes and Garland Wilson—will start clowning again.... **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's portfolio of songs on the how-can-I-go-on-living theme. Sam Hamilton plays piano.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8630): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon—as energetic a crew as ever graced this storied old firehouse. Ralph Sutton tears off some pyrotechnic piano in between their sessions of mass therapy. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of visiting firemen. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 0-3228): Bobby Hackett and his true-blue boys, Vic Dickenson and Gene Sedric, to carry you back to old Virginny and all points South, and Red Norvo's artful trio, which includes Tal Farlow on guitar and Charles Mingus on bass, to transport you to the stars. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Yank Lawsen, Andy Russo, and a few friends are having open house here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's loyal supporters here are Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Benny Waters, Tommy Benford, and Dick Wellstood. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, Sept. 5, George Shearing's music from the wild blue yonder. Next evening, Lester Young's band takes over. Jam sessions Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On Aug. 31, the caravan will include Wild Bill Davison, Billy Butterfield, Max Kaminsky, Lou McGarity, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, George Wettling, Roy Eldridge, Ray McKinley, and Red Allen.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night rioting. This week (Aug. 31), Bobby Sherwood, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, Sol Yaged, and the Dixieland Rhythm Kings of Dayton, Ohio, will sound off. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-0311); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesday, Sept. 4.... **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CITY ISLAND, N.Y.**: Ryan's (CIty Island 8-9807); dancing on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings.... ¶ Thwaite's (CIty Island 8-1023); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays, except Labor Day.... **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167); closed Mondays, except Labor Day.... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979).... **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Tuesday, Sept. 4.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597).... **HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: René's (Huntington 4-2309); closed Tuesdays.... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays.... **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Nino's (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-0354); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-0371); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesday, Sept. 4.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesday, Sept. 4.... ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628).... ¶ Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 6-7613).... **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 1097); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesday, Sept. 4.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays, except Labor Day.... **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706).... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184).... **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Westport 2-0883).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries in town are open Mondays, except Labor Day, through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DAUMIER AND DELACROIX—A compact, well-selected array of oils, water colors, and other works by these two nineteenth-century contemporaries. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 28.)

SIAMESE SCULPTURES—An exhibition of pieces dating from the ninth through the fifteenth centuries. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through Oct. 27. Open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, Moses Soyer, and others; through Aug. 31.... **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Canvases by such Americans as Hassam, Inness, and Ryder, of the nineteenth century, and Sol Wilson, Will Barnet, and Henry Botkin, of the twentieth; through Aug. 31.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: "The Evening Meal," a showing of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Harold Baumbach, Theo Hios, Ellis Wilson, and Joseph Konzal; through Sept. 5. Open Labor Day.... **LEVITT**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: A selection of paintings and sculptures by Everett Spruce, Virginia Berresford, Leo Manso, and other gallery artists; through Sept. 7.... **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th

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TOP NEWS, THE BLOUSE SWEATER: Renart's imported lamb's wool sweaters become costume-makers via blouse detailing. Wing-spread sleeves on a turtleneck pullover in oxford heather, pine green, cherry, gold, tan heather, navy, black, white, purple. 7.95. Collared, double-buttoned cardigan in oxford heather, natural heather, cherry, maize, navy. 10.95. Sizes 34 to 40. Sportswear, Seventh Floor, New York. Mail, phone orders filled.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.: Oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, including Childe Hassam, Ernest Lawson, and Stephen Etnier; through Sept. 28. . . . NEW ART CIRCLE, 41 E. 57th St.: Oils by Paul Klee, Randall Morgan, Max Beckmann, and other moderns; through Sept. 29. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: Oils by Morris Davidson, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, J. M. Hanson, and others; through Sept. 7. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by French and American artists, including Picasso, Braque, Max Weber, and Karl Knaths; through Sept. 14.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints of Parisian scenes and personalities by Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Dufy, Villon, and other French artists; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Japanese prints and paintings, mainly by nineteenth-century artists; through Oct. 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventy of Winslow Homer's water colors, drawings, and prints. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5; through Sept. 16.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The major summer show is an exhibition of paintings and sculptures lent by five New York collectors. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 7; through Sept. 9.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: A hundred student works selected from twenty-five professional art schools and college art departments. (Weekdays, except Labor Day, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5; through Sept. 23.) . . . BLUE HILL, MAINE. Rowantrees Pavilion: A group exhibition by Morris Graves, David Smith, and others. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6; through Sept. 15.) . . . CANAAN, N.Y. The Berkshire Art Center: Contemporary American artists, among them Hopper, Marsh, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and Sol Wilson. (Daily, 2:30 to 6; through Sept. 3.) . . . DENNIS, MASS. Cape Arts Center: Paintings by Karl Knaths, Adolph Gottlieb, Lawrence Kupferman, and others, as well as sculptures by Arnold Geissbuhler. (Daily, 10:30 to 9; through August 31.) . . . EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: Garden sculptures by members of the Sculptors' Guild, among them Arline Wingate, Joseph Konzal, and Chaim Gross; through Sept. 3. An invitation exhibit by regional artists; starting Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.) . . . ESSEX, CONN. Essex Art Association: The annual members' group show, comprising works by Beatrice Cuming, Boris Artzybasheff, and others. (Daily, 1 to 5; through Sept. 16.) . . . HARTFORD, CONN. Wadsworth Atheneum: A showing of about fifty paintings, sculptures, and prints, all done by New England artists; through Aug. 31. A loan display of drawings by such British artists as Constable, Gainsborough, and Romney; starting Sept. 6. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, except Sept. 1, from 9 to 5.) . . . KENT, CONN. Kent Art Association: The twenty-third annual showing of work by member artists. (Daily, 2 to 6; through Sept. 2.) . . . MANCHESTER, VT. Southern Vermont Art Center: The yearly exhibition by the Southern Vermont Artists. (Daily, 2 to 9; through Sept. 3.) . . . MYSTIC, CONN. Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Jacques Maroger, and others, in the second part of the Association's twenty-seventh Annual. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sunday, 2 to 5:30; through Sept. 3.) . . . NEWPORT, R.I. Art Association of Newport: A joint showing by Hazard Durfee and Frank Duncan, plus a solo show by Jane Gray. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sunday and Labor Day, 2 to 5; through Sept. 3.) . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Ogunquit Art Association: Among the contributors to the large exhibition here are Ernest Fiene, Chris Ritter, and Edward Betts. (Weekdays, 10 to noon and 1 to 5:30; Sunday, 2 to 5:30; through Sept. 3.) . . . OLD LYME, CONN. Lyme Art Association: Nineteenth annual fall show of oils, plus some pastels, water colors, prints, and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; through

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Sept. 16.) . . . PITTSFIELD, MASS. Berkshire Museum: Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, along with a memorial showing of works by E. Barnard Lintott. (Daily, 10 to 5; through Aug. 31.) . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: A mixed-mediums exhibition by Hans Hofmann, George Biddle, Karl Knaths, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 10; Sunday, 2 to 6 and 7 to 10; through Sept. 3.) . . . ROCKLAND, MAINE. William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: The current fare here includes a group of water colors by Maine artists and a collection of paintings and drawings by Andrew Wyeth. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: The second part of a jury show of works by Gifford Beal, Ted Kautzky, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6; through Sept. 16.) . . . WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Ganso Gallery: Paintings, drawings, and prints by the late Emil Ganso. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 10.)

MUSIC

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—The Old Timers Orchestra, Frieder Weissmann conducting. (Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 1-2, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, Zoltan Fekete conducting, with William Ryan, baritone. (Monday, Sept. 3, at 8:30.)

JAZZ ROUNDTABLE—Music by Tony Scott, John Mehegan, and other jazzmen; songs by John Lee Hooker and Mahalia Jackson; dances by Leon James and Al Minns; and commentaries by professors of music and the social sciences. (Music Inn, Lenox, Mass. Nightly at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. For information about admission, call MU 5-0866.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet presenting the final performance in a series of chamber-music concerts, with Albert Spalding, violin, and Edward Kilenyi, piano. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Sept. 2, at 4.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—The Busch Quartet. (Manchester, Vt. Sunday, Sept. 2, at 4:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, Aug. 30, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Saturday, Sept. 1, at 1:30, and Sunday, Sept. 2, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Monday, Sept. 3, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, Aug. 30, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Boston, Monday, Sept. 3, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Sept. 5, at 8:30, and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 6-7, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Saturday, Sept. 8, at 1:30. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday, Sept. 5, at 8:30, and Thursday, Sept. 6, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, Sept. 7, at 2:30, and Saturday, Sept. 8, at 2. (Before the start of the Saturday game, two teams of Yankees of yesteryear will be galvanized into charging around the bases for three innings.)

BOXING—Walter Cartier vs. Billy Kilgore, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 7. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HORSE SHOWS—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 1-3.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hounds. (Fairhill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 8.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, Sept. 3, through Saturday, Sept. 22. The Aqueduct Handicap, Monday, Sept. 3; the Astarita, Wednesday, Sept. 5; and the Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 8. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . SARATOGA SPRINGS: Daily at 2:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Saratoga Cup, Thursday, Aug. 30, and the Hopeful, Saturday, Sept. 1.

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Monday, Sept. 3. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth

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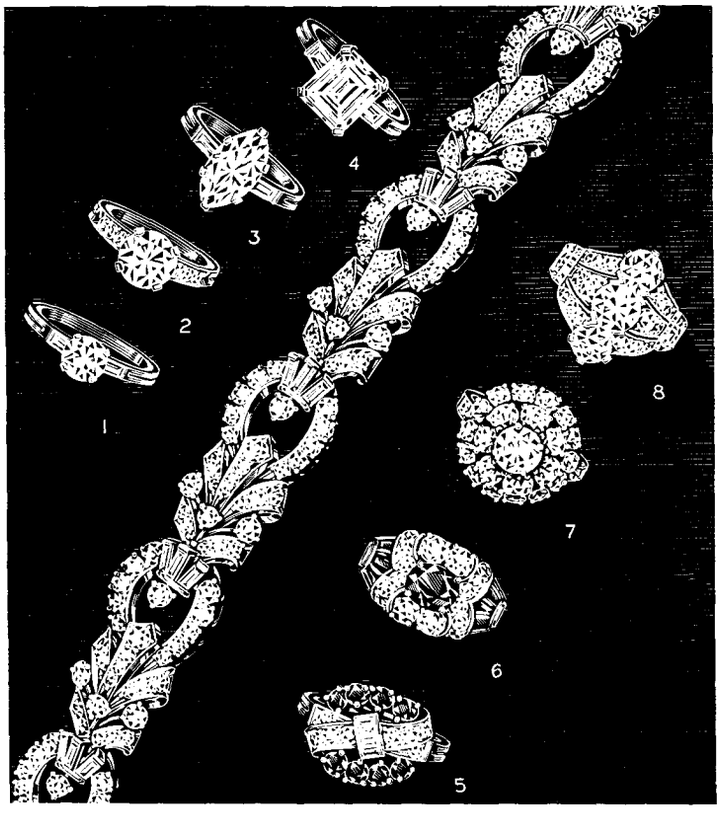

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TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 22. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:49 and 7:04.)

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 5-9.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Flushing Meadow, Mondays through Fridays, the Security Council, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly hold occasional meetings to which the public is admitted. For information about tickets and transportation, call PLaza 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—Those who can bring themselves to go outdoors on Saturday, Sept. 1, between 6:21 A.M. and 8:10 A.M. will have an opportunity of seeing only thirteen per cent of the sun. Clouds can ruin the whole show.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The August show is called "The Beginning and End of the World." Starting Saturday, Sept. 1, there will be a new show, "Exploring the Constellations." In addition, there will be a special demonstration with each showing Saturday through Monday, Sept. 1-3, explaining the whys and wherefores of eclipses. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

•

NOTE—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers have been opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Sept. 22-24. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Sept. 9 and Sept. 22-23. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Sept. 9, Sept. 11, Sept. 13-18, Sept. 20, Sept. 25, and Sept. 28-30. . . . **WORLD SERIES**: Starts the first week in October.

BOXING—At the Polo Grounds—Sept. 12: Randy Turpin vs. Ray Robinson, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. . . . ¶ Sept. 26: Sandy Saddler vs. Willie Pep, 15 rounds, for the World Featherweight Championship.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Opening games of the season—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 22**: Harvard vs. Springfield, at Cambridge, and Yale vs. Bates, at

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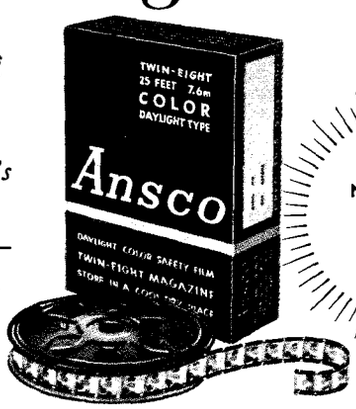

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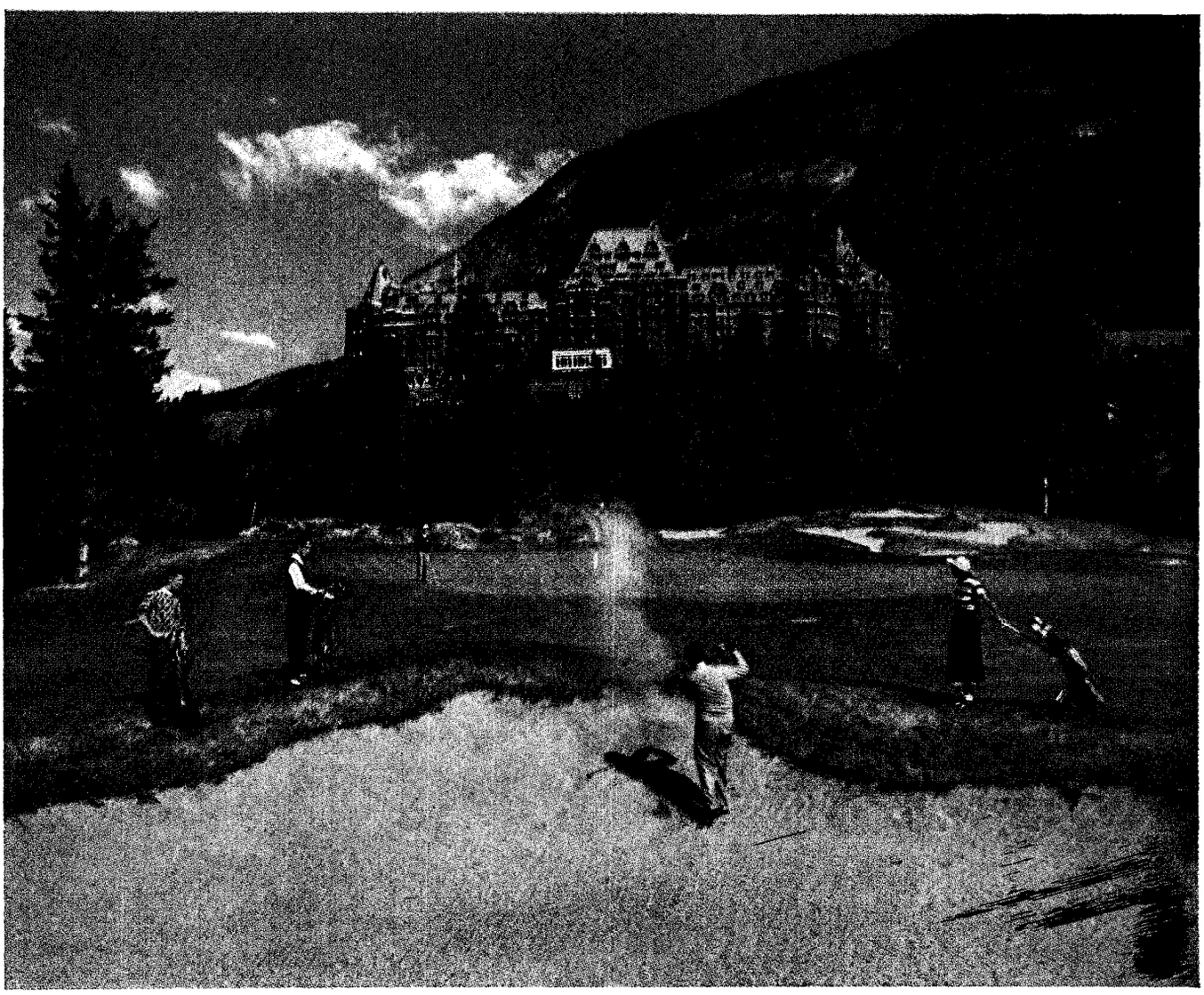

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 29: Army vs. Villanova, at West Point; Brown vs. Temple, at Providence; Cornell vs. Syracuse, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Fordham, at Hanover; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge; Lafayette vs. Rutgers, at Easton; Pennsylvania vs. California, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Navy, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 6: Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, Sept. 20; an exhibition game for the benefit of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals, Oct. 14. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yanks vs. Detroit Lions, Oct. 7.

DOG SHOWS—Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye. Sept. 9.) . . . ¶ Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury, Sept. 30.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 6.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Saucon Valley Country Club, Bethlehem, Pa. Sept. 10-15.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J. Sept. 18-20.)

HORSE SHOWS—Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Sept. 6.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Sept. 13-15.) . . . ¶ Bryn Mawr-Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Sept. 27-29.)

HUNT RACING—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Sept. 15.) . . . ¶ Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Sept. 22.) . . . ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 3 and Oct. 6.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—Around Manhattan, for the Harwood Trophy, Sept. 9.

POLO—Matches in the East-West Championship, starting Sept. 9. . . . ¶ National Open Championship, starting Sept. 23 or Sept. 30. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury.)

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Sept. 24-Oct. 16. The Futurity, Oct. 6. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 2-Nov. 3. . . . LAUREL PARK, Laurel, Md.: Oct. 10-25.

SPORTS-CAR ROAD RACING—International Sports-Car Grand Prix Race, around Watkins Glen, Sept. 15.

TROTTING—At SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Sept. 10-Oct. 13. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Sept. 24-Oct. 27.

BALLET—Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sept. 20-Oct. 7. . . . ¶ José Greco and his Spanish Ballet, at the Shubert Theatre, Oct. 1-27.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks—A comedy by Kenyon Nicholson, "Out West of Eighth," with Richard Carlyle and Robert Keith, Jr. . . . ¶ "Twilight Walk," a melodrama by A. B. Shiffrin. Nancy Kelly will head the cast. . . . ¶ Ginger Rogers and Tom Helmore in a play by Louis Verneuil, "Love and Let Love." . . . ¶ A Howard Lindsay-Russel Crouse mystery-comedy, "Remains to Be Seen," in which Jackie Cooper and Janis Paige, among others, will appear. . . . ¶ Margaret Webster's production of Shaw's "Saint Joan," presented by the Theatre Guild, and starring Uta Hagen. . . . ¶ A revival of "Music in the Air" by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, which will have Dennis King and Jane Pickens in leading roles. . . . ¶ Melvyn Douglas and Signe Hasso in a comedy, "Glad Tidings," by Edward Mabley. . . . ¶ "Paint Your Wagon," a musical with a book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner and a score by Frederick Loewe. The company will include James Barton and Olga San Juan.

MUSIC—Opening performance of the Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, at Carnegie Hall, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ New York City Opera Company, at the City Center, Sept. 27-Nov. 11.

OTHER DATES—Mineola Fair, Sept. 11-15. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 12-Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Quarterly federal-income-tax payments are due Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 26-Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Daylight Saving Time ends Sept. 30. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 15-20.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

BRIGHT VICTORY—The story of a blind veteran of the last war whose rehabilitation is effected by practical therapy at a military hospital and the love of a lady who has quite a time leading him to the altar. Arthur Kennedy and Peggy Dow are the estimable principals. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

FORCE OF ARMS—The last war again. William Holden and Nancy Olson are excellent as two troubled members of the United States forces in Italy, but the story may leave something to be desired. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900; Aug. 30.)

FOUR IN A JEEP—M.P.s of Russia, England, France, and the United States on patrol in the International Zone of Vienna, where there isn't as much international amity as one might desire. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Aug. 31-Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 2-4. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Sept. 4-5.)

THE GREAT CARUSO—Maybe there isn't much authenticity about this chronicle of the tenor's career, but the music is good, and Mario Lanza, in the title role, sings it quite adequately. Dorothy Kirsten and Blanche Thebom uncork a few songs, too. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through Sept. 4.)

KON-TIKI—The documentary account of a journey from Peru to Polynesia on a primitive raft. With a narration by Thor Heyerdahl, leader of the expedition. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Sept. 4.)

MARIE DU PORT—A world-weary man from Cherbourg finds release from ennui in a neighboring village, which happens to have a pleasant bar and an even more pleasant barmaid. An extremely amiable French film, with Jean Gabin and Nicole Courcel. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

OLIVER TWIST—A British adaptation of Dickens' story of poverty and greed in nineteenth-century England, turned out by Robert Neame and David Lean, who were also responsible for "Great Expectations." Though not as distinguished as its predecessor, it has fine characterizations by Alec Guinness, as Fagin, and John Howard Davies, as Oliver. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7241.)

SHOW BOAT—The old side-wheeler, still doing all right on the river. Among those on board: Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN—Alfred Hitchcock showing off some of his ingenious camera tricks in a film that includes everything from tennis to schizophrenia. Not up to Mr. H.'s usual standard, but still entertaining. With Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-9302; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

TALES OF HOFFMANN—Opera, ballet, pantomime, and what-have-you, all stirred up into a big British batter that never really rises. With Robert Rounseville, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, Leonide Massine, and Robert Helpmann. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

TONY DRAWS A HORSE—English whimsey exploiting a number of the more peculiar facets of British society. A bit too broad to be entirely satisfactory, but amusing nevertheless. With Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

REVIVALS

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE (1950)—Jewel thieves in a Midwestern city. With Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Sept. 1.)

THE ASTONISHED HEART (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 4, tentative.)

THE BANDIT (1949)—An Italian picture revealing some of the activities of the postwar Italian underworld. With Anna Magnani. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 31.)

THE BANK DICK (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 2-3, tentative.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Sept. 1, tentative.)

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT (1935)—Harry Baur in a French version of one of Dostoevski's novels. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

DEAD OF NIGHT (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Aug. 30.)

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE (1950)—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a British comedy about the merger of a boys' and a girls' school. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Aug. 31.)

THE HEART OF A NATION (1943)—The history of a French family. Michèle Morgan and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3.)

THE IDIOT (1948)—A French interpretation of another Dostoevski novel. With Gérard Philipe. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

LOUISIANA STORY (1948)—Robert Flaherty's poetic account of Cajun life on a Southern bayou. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

MAN OF ARAN (1934)—Another Flaherty documentary film, this one about Irish island life. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Aug. 31.)

MARCH OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS (1934)—Laurel and Hardy, immersed in Victor Herbert music. Formerly called "Babes in Toyland." (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Sept. 1.)

MARY OF SCOTLAND (1936)—The Anderson play, with Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 1.)

THE MIKADO (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 4, tentative.)

THE MORE THE MERRIER (1943)—Housing problems in wartime Washington. With Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Sept. 1, tentative.)

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (1935)—Villainy at sea. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 2-3, tentative.)

NANOOK OF THE NORTH (1922)—More Flaherty—this time, a documentary of the daily life of an Eskimo family on Hudson Bay, now embellished with a very good spoken commentary. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

NIGHT TRAIN (1940)—Carol Reed's British thriller involving spies, the Gestapo, and the like. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Aug. 30. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Aug. 31.)

PETER THE FIRST (1937)—A Soviet sketch of the Czar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

PYGMALION (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

STATE FAIR (1945)—Champion pigs, youthful romance, and songs. Dick Haymes and Jeanne Crain. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 5.)

THEY GOT ME COVERED (1943)—Bob Hope as a foreign correspondent, with Dorothy Lamour tagging along. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 3-4.)

THIS HAPPY BREED (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Sept. 2-4.)

TO LIVE IN PEACE (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi as an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 31.)

UP IN ARMS (1944)—Danny Kaye and Dinah Shore in an unreasonable facsimile of Army life. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 3-4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Sept. 2: Three experimental French films—"Fièvre" (1921), "La Souriante Madame Beudet" (1922), and "The Fall of the House of Usher" (1928). . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 3: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1920), with John Barrymore and Nita Naldi. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Jim Thorpe—All American," Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"A Place in the Sun," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Rhubarb," Ray Milland, Jan Sterling.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Little Egypt," Rhonda Fleming, Mark Stevens.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SHOW BOAT.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"His Kind of Woman," Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"David and Bathsheba," Gregory Peck.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Sept. 5 (tentative): "Iron Man," Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BRIGHT VICTORY.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Aug. 30: **FORCE OF ARMS.**
From Aug. 31: "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," Dennis Morgan, Virginia Mayo.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Pickup," Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.

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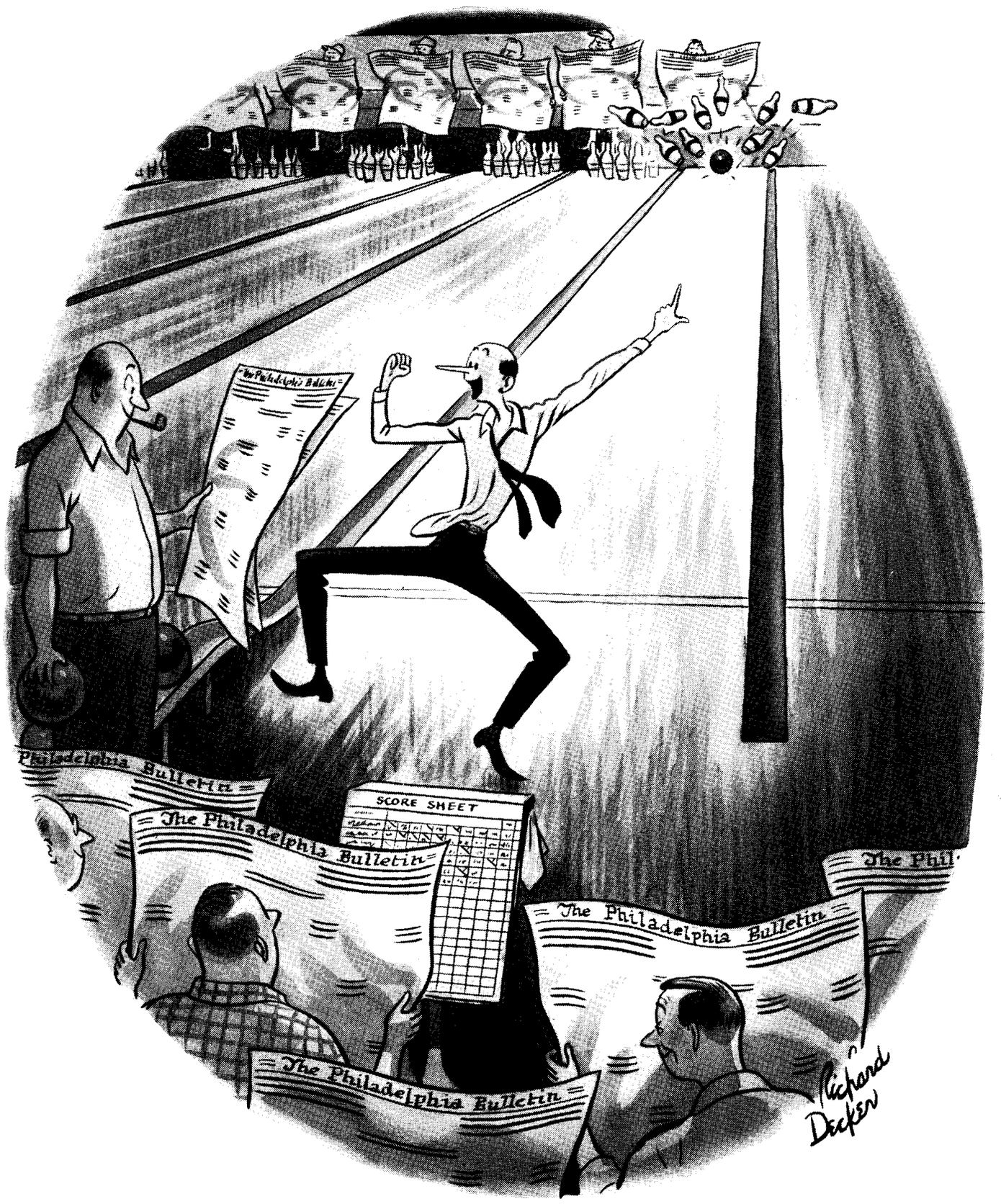

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ASPIRIN lollipops, known as Aspapops, are available at local drugstores.

IT is but natural and fitting that one of the shoeshine boys at United Nations headquarters should have his box labelled:

SHOE SHINE
CIRAGE DE CHAUSSURE

ONE of our colleagues, riding in a taxi the other day, sat adding numbers in his head or dictating a letter to himself, and he didn't notice that

the driver, lost in his own reverie, had taken him past his destination. They both discovered it at the same moment. "Sorry, Mister," said the driver. His fare was in an expansive mood. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "You're not infallible." The driver had apparently never before been decorated with so fine a phrase. "Thank you, sir!" he said. That night, we like to think, he told his wife about it. "Fella paid me as nice a compliment as I ever got today. Said I wasn't infallible."

Everywhere Is Human

SHIRLEY YAMAGUCHI, the leading movie star in Japan, has just completed her first picture in Hollywood and is spending some time here in town, on her way home via Europe and India. We had breakfast with her one morning last week, in the coffee shop of the St. Moritz. A pretty girl, she was wearing an off-white kimono and a rust-colored sash, and carried a matching handbag and a red-lacquer fan. She told us, in excellent English, that she has been in this country since June and has been having a marvellous time. "I tried to talk to as many people as possible during my stay in Hollywood," she said, sipping a tomato juice liberally laced with pepper. "I mean poor people, working people. I wanted to see how they lived. Everyone in this country works so *hard*. I did the *cha no yu*, the tea ceremony, for Charlie Chaplin. He was fascinated by the grace and slowness of it."

We complimented Miss Yamaguchi on her handsome outfit, and she nodded soberly. "I always wear Japanese clothes," she said. "I believe they are better suited to the Oriental body structure than Western clothes. The young people in Japan watch me closely, and I like to set them a sensible example." Miss Yamaguchi said her kimonos were designed for her by the sculptor Isamu Noguchi, who has retained the traditional lines of the kimono but omitted the unnecessary trappings that make it bulky and impractical. Miss Yamaguchi pointed out that her *obi*, or sash, instead of being wrapped around her waist several times and then tied in back, was a single band of cloth with a permanent, attached knot and a concealed zipper. She and Mr. Noguchi are hopeful that this streamlined kimono will catch on in the Japanese younger set.

Over a mushroom omelet with plenty of ketchup, Miss Yamaguchi informed us that she was born, of Japanese parents, in Mukden, Manchuria, where her father was a coal-company executive, and that she received a Chinese education in Peiping. She speaks fluent Mandarin and some Russian. She was singing in Chinese over a radio station in Mukden when a Chinese movie mogul heard her, interviewed her, and promptly made her the star of a Chinese musical entitled, in Chinese, "Honeymoon Express." She then made a series of Japanese-language films in China. Among the hits in which she starred were "White Orchid Song," "Desert Oath," and "China Night," the title song of which turned into one of the best-known popular songs in Japan. Miss Yamaguchi became famous in Japan as Ri Koran, a Japanization of her Chinese name of Li Shiang-lan. For the past three years, she has been making Japanese movies under her proper name of Yoshiko Yamaguchi. The "Shirley" she uses here is for Western consumption only, and is an approximation of Shiang-lan.

Miss Yamaguchi has starred in ten movies made in Japan, including "Escape at Dawn," which ran up the biggest gross of any Japanese picture released last year. The movie was a realistic account of the officer-enlisted-man relationship in the Japanese Army in China. Miss Yamaguchi played the part of an entertainer with Imondan, the

Japanese U.S.O., who is loved by an arrogant officer and an amiable enlisted man. "The picture I made in Hollywood is called 'East Is East,'" Miss Yamaguchi said. "It's very badly named, because it shows that the twain *shall* meet and has a happy ending." She spread her red fan between us on the table. "The war came between your country and mine like a wall," she said. "Now we are breaking down that wall. We remember again that everywhere is human." She closed her fan and added thoughtfully, "The one thing that frightened me in Hollywood was the friendly dogs. In Manchuria, the dogs are very wild. One bite and you are finished." We were just getting up from the table when a lady hurried across the room and, beaming down on Miss Yamaguchi, inquired, "Who *are* you,

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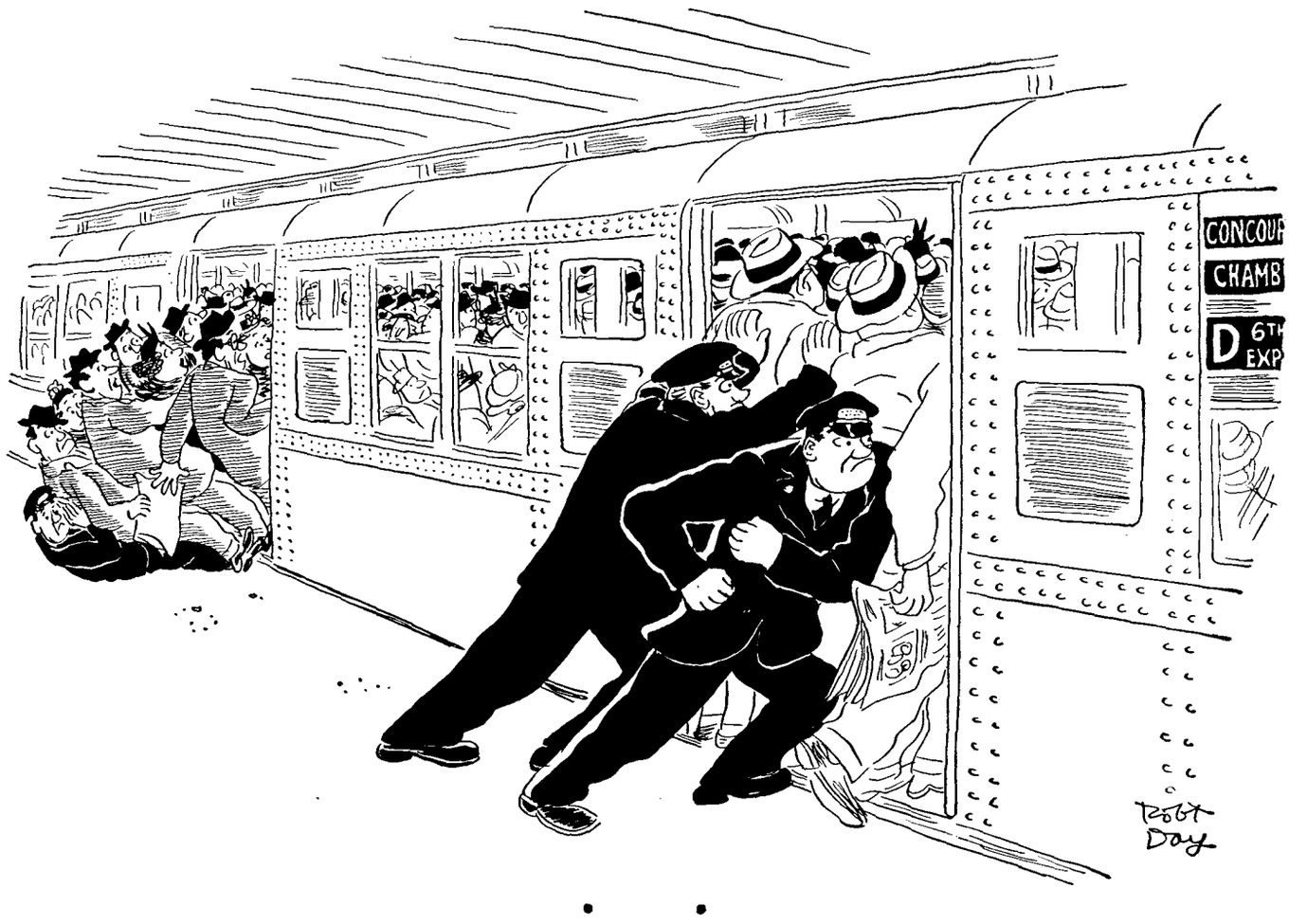

my dear?" With perfect composure, Miss Yamaguchi said, "I am a visitor from Japan." "You're very lovely," the lady said. "The best of luck to you."

Make-Do Calisthenics

WELL, as a passerby is our witness, a bus stopped near the corner of Broadway and 168th Street, in front of the Medical Center, around ten o'clock the other evening, and out stepped the driver, picked up a "Bus Stop" sign, and, holding it horizontally in both hands like a giant dumbbell, proceeded to lower it almost to the ground and then raise it slowly above his head. He repeated this action ten times, put the sign back, mounted his vehicle, and drove off, flat of belly, sound of wind, and an example to all.

Coax

THE transmission of television programs over distances far greater than the direct reach of the station transmitters is made possible by two totally different, though sometimes supplemental, systems—radio relay and coaxial cable. Radio relay, a newly developed method of beaming microwaves from one high tower to the next, will be used in conjunction with coaxial cables to carry the first coast-to-coast TV programs next week. Leaving a discussion of this new TV wrinkle for a later occasion, we will confine today's lecture to the coaxial cable, which, with its trade diminutive "coax," is already a firmly established term in the argot of TV addicts. Coax's assist to TV is, however, but a minor and adventitious sideline, its major function being the simultaneous transmission of a multitude of long-distance telephone calls over a single cable. (American Tel & Tel likens coax to a telephone superhighway and has figured out that a cable no thicker than a man's wrist normally carries about eighteen hundred calls and that handling this volume in the old way would require fifteen lines of telephone poles, each with twenty-five crossarms and ten wires per arm. Well!) Coax was given a tryout back in 1929, by Lloyd Espenscheid, of A. T. & T. The first commercial installation was made thirteen years later, between Minneapolis and Stevens Point, Wisconsin, a distance of a hundred and ninety-five miles. At the moment, A. T. & T. has 8,330 miles of coax, reaching coast to coast.

The typical coaxial cable is two and a half inches in diameter and contains eight copper tubes, about as thick as fountain pens, known as outer conductors, plus a number of ordinary wire conductors, which are used either for maintenance purposes or for short-haul telephone service. Each of the outer conductors has, in turn, an inner conductor, which consists of a copper wire held in place in the center of the tube by insulating discs. (The word "coaxial" seems to have been coined by an A. T. & T. man named Maurice Strieby, and is derived from the fact that the inner and outer conductors have the same axis. It has nothing to do with the Yale cheer "Brekeke-kex, koax, koax," which is derived from Aristophanes.) A pair of tubes—transmitting in opposite directions—handles up to six hundred two-way conversations at a time, sorting them out at the cable ends by crystal filters, but it can handle only two TV programs at a time, because the frequency-band width is—oh, just because.

Coaxial cable is almost always laid underground or underwater; some-

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times, in rocky country, it's put up on poles, but evidently A.T.&T.'s definition of rocky country is a stringent one, for only fifty-two miles of the system is air-borne. Cable laid underwater, or in areas subject to flooding, is usually sheathed in armor wire, and if it has to run under salt water, it gets an extra wrapping of armor wire and jute, to protect it from the teredo, a marine pest. In some parts of the country, cable engineers have had trouble with rodents, especially gophers. The cable has an outer covering of asphalt-impregnated paper, then a lead sheath, a layer of thermoplastic, and a layer of paper insulation, and gophers can eat their way straight through all of them. A layer of steel tape stops them before they get to the tubes. The gopher-defying properties of a lot of the cable now being made have been enhanced by additional outer layers of steel tape. Annoying as they are, gophers aren't as big a nuisance as people digging holes for signposts or excavating for highways or foundations, and in thickly settled districts and along highways the cable is often laid in tiles. Where lightning storms are frequent, extra wrappings of steel tape and lead are put around the lead sheath, to divert lightning from the tubes.

Coaxial cable itself costs around two dollars a foot, or about ten thousand dollars a mile, but the expense of putting it into service runs the total cost up to about twenty-five thousand a mile. The cable is laid by tractor-drawn rooter plows, which dig a narrow trench three feet deep, unreel the cable into the trench, then push the dirt back in on top of it. To keep from plowing up water mains and the like, cable engineers use a device called the Wilkinson Buried-Structure Line Locator, which works on the principle of the mine detector. Only two per cent of the electrical energy that travels along a coaxial tube is carried by the wire inside the tube. The rest travels in the air space between the inner and outer conductors, at a speed just under that of light. The electric signal is boosted in repeater stations, manned by engineers and situated along cable routes at intervals of from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty miles. Smaller stations, which are unattended, are situated about eight miles apart. The cables are filled with nitrogen gas, under pressure, and if the sheath around a cable is damaged, the escaping nitrogen keeps out moisture, which causes short circuits. At the same time, the reduction in gas pressure sets off an alarm in the nearest manned repeater station. As a further safeguard against any interruption in service, only six tubes in an eight-tube cable are generally in use; the two others are reserved as spares, and if something goes wrong with a couple of tubes, an automatic device cuts in the spares and sets off an alarm.

Old School Collar

BUSINESS *has* a soul! In substantiation thereof, we pass along the heartening experience of Mr. John Iglauer, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, who, finding a mysterious and apparently ineradicable stain on the collar of his new Van Heusen shirt after its second laundering, briskly dispatched the garment to its New York manufacturer, the Phillips-Jones Corporation, requesting an adjustment should the shirt prove defective, and, if not, offering to buy a replacement collar. Three weeks later, he received the following manly letter from Phillips-Jones:

> We have received the shirt you returned and our laboratory findings disclose that the collar on this shirt has been stained by cleaning action. However, inasmuch as this garment was consumed in our laboratory tests, we are arranging to replace this shirt with a new one which we trust you will find satisfactory in every respect.

Mr. Stassins' Pleasure

WE'VE just had a nice talk with Louis Stassins, a man who makes a living by picking wild flowers and selling them to florists. Mr. Stassins, who is fifty-five, sunburned, and creased of countenance, came here from Greece in 1906. "I was born in Kariai, in Arca-

"It's nothing to do with you, Elaine—it's just those damned stripes."

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dia, where Pan used to play the pipe," he told us. "I've been out in the country nearly every day for thirty years, picking flowers, and I've never had a cold or a day's illness. I like a rough life in the woods. It's my pleasure." Mr. Stassins, who had a flower shop of his own, near Irving Place, in his twenties, gave it up in 1919, at the time of the great influenza epidemic. "Flowers brought such high prices then that I started picking them myself," he said. "I know which flowers grow where, and where rare ones, like red lilies, are to be found." He divides his working time between Westchester, Long Island, New Jersey, and upper New York State. Pussy willows are his chief haul during the winter, lilacs in the spring, all kinds of field flowers in the summer, bittersweet in the fall. He commutes to his sources of supply by train and then on foot, often walking fifteen or twenty miles in a day. "I was a track man at Public School 26, near the present site of Penn Station," he said, "and later I ran a twenty-six-mile marathon for St. Bartholomew's Men's Club, so walking doesn't bother me. It's my pleasure. I've run into a lot of snakes, including copperheads and rattlesnakes in Rockland County, and my trousers get torn by thorns, and I once got bitten by a dog, but the only really bad time I had was years ago, when I stepped into a hornets' nest around West Nyack. I thought bullets were coming into my neck. I ran a couple of miles, and had a headache for a week." Mr. Stassins, who lives on East Thirty-third Street, generally starts off at seven A.M. and returns around five or six, with, typically, from sixty to eighty bunches of flowers. These may range from a dozen to a hundred items, depending on the size of the flower. He packs his flowers in damp paper and then wraps them in cloth, and on his return to the city sells them to some fifteen or twenty florists, mostly on Lexington and Madison Avenues. "I bring back different field flowers every day, so as not to glut the market," he said. "I try to get something artistic." Occasionally, when he is after heavy stuff, like lilacs, he works in conjunction with a local truckman, who supplies a truck, helps him pick, and shares the profits. According to Mr. S., the best lilacs are around the Hamptons, where he buys hedge-cutting privileges from gardeners of estates. "You get a better color—dark purple—on the ocean side," he said. "The lilacs on the North Shore are too light. It's too warm there, and the soil isn't right."

Mr. Stassins declined to give us any financial figures on his business, but he said he makes enough to get along. He is a widower, and lives with a widowed daughter and three grandchildren. His working costume consists of an old pair of Army pants and some combat shoes, with leggings, which he bought at an Army-and-Navy store. He carries a knife and a pair of shears. "I climb trees, like a Tarzan, to get bittersweet," he said. "I can go in the toughest jungle. I can walk for days and never get tired. It's my pleasure." He said that winter was a slack season—just pussy willows, whose shells he pinches off to make them blossom prematurely—and that at Christmas and Easter he generally takes temporary jobs in florists' shops as a makeup man. He is, we gathered, a wizard at mistletoe bells.

No Offense

A PRINCETON junior, summering in Connecticut, drove to New Haven the other day and picked up a couple of things at the Yale Co-op. The clerk wrapped them, and asked, "Are you a member?" "No," said the young man. "I'm a Princeton." "Oh," said the clerk. "I beg your pardon!"

Care and Feeding

A SOUTHERN lady tells us that she recently acquired a promising young hound from a colored farmer in her neighborhood. A day or two later, she was surprised and pleased to receive from its former owner a note expressing the hope that she and the animal were getting along well. It concluded with a word of advice: "Don't feed that dog no potatoes. Don't let it rain on that dog. Get a little stick and make him mind."

Holiday Mood

"THE biggest fire sale in New Jersey history!" came an urgent, telegraphed dispatch from our peripatetic Mr. Stanley several mornings ago. "A million dollars' worth of merchandise on the block! Six hundred of Bamberger's Newark sales force and two hundred executives converging on Bamberger service depot in Bloomfield to handle one-day sale! Can cover, as am already in East Orange." "Cover," we wired back, and the following day a wild-eyed Mr. Stanley burst into the office, set a box of a product called Doozit on his desk, and attacked his typewriter.

"Bloomfield the site of a vast, mad migration on Saturday," his report began. "Outside the depot, a line extending down Franklin Street and one block down Watsessing Avenue. Cars chocka-block on the roads. People renting their back yards for parking. People staggering out of depot exits with television sets on their heads, long green whiskbrooms in their arms. Many hauling large, mysterious cardboard boxes. What in those boxes? Bloomfield in holiday mood. Ice-cream and balloon venders dotting sidewalks. Man selling little mechanical dogs and chickens near main entrance of depot, one-story building six hundred feet square. Lady carrying huge octagonal clock not impressed by dog. 'You know that, you don't know this,' man told her, and wound up chicken, which whistled. Lady and I each bought one.

"At main entrance stood man with red carnation in lapel. He giving orders to Burns man in khaki. 'Watch for smoking and for panic,' he said. Man with white carnation in lapel emerged from exit. 'Four thousand people in line even before we opened, total of twenty-five thousand people so far,' he said to man with red carnation. Asked Burns man which higher rank, red or white. 'Red means department managers, white means store executives engaged in floor supervision,' he said. 'So red is higher.' Small car called Jeepster pulled up. Blond lady with pencil stepped out. From Newark *Star-Ledger*, she told man with red carnation. 'This the biggest single fire-sale purchase ever made,' he told her.

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'Train bringing stuff up from Richmond department-store warehouse, where fire was, was mile and half long. We have two nurses in attendance, a Lost and Found Department for children, and two doctors on call in case of panic.' I then squeezed through entrance, behind lady carrying young child, young child carrying Teddy bear. Inside depot, thousands of people milling around, carrying things on head or under arm. Jumped into stream of people and was swept down long corridor like the catacombs into relatively clear area full of tables—round tables, low tables, half tables, tables with rotating tops, tea tables, coffee tables. Rickety information booth in middle. Lady inside pointing every which way to nervous lady customers. 'No, Madam, I don't know where you can heat your baby's bottle,' she told one lady. Waded through table area and sharp-eyed lady shoppers, past chair area to rug, television-set, and kitchen-appliance area. Air full of noises of television-cabinet and oven doors being popped open and shut and screeching of chairs being dragged over concrete floor. Lady shaking shag rug having terrible argument with man wearing white carnation. 'We're a one-price store,' man kept saying. 'It's exactly what I would expect from a satellite of R. H. Macy,' lady told him in loud voice, and left. I got man's attention. 'How much all this merchandise weigh?' I shouted to him. 'Million and a half pounds!' he shouted back. 'Sale held here because not enough space to spare in Bamberger's. Bamberger in Newark not open on Saturday, so we could bring sales force here. Ninety-five per cent of the merchandise not damaged by the fire. Fire was mostly in the bedding section.' Lady carrying tremendous wooden trellis came up, asked me where kitchen utensils were. I pointed. I followed lady past dishwashers, humidifiers, log holders, and ranges to narrow, congested aisle, where Doozit and Doozit pads, Dinnanaps, Na Nor Bowling Alley Wax, and Vigoro plant food piled up on shelves. Young man carrying garbage can in right hand was making way through crowd, holding lid in left, like a shield. Followed him out into air and sunshine. In crush, mislaid whistling chicken and picked up box of Doozit. Fair exchange."

All's Well

AND here's another summer-camp letter, California lassie to her mother:

Yesterday was a bad luck day for this camp. One of the counslers had a sunstroke & later a girl named Joan had hysterics. One of the counslers (who is lame) ran out to help her and fainted. Miss Truman gave Skip (the counsler) a glass of 3 year old brandy & she got drunk. Then we discoverd that Joan and Pat had run away from camp. The police were out untill 12 A.M. looking for them. They found them. Then this morning we killed a trantula spider in my bathrobe. I all most got bitten. I love you & Daddy. Thats all I have got to say.

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MADELINE'S BIRTHDAY

THE morning of Madeline Farr's seventeenth birthday, Mrs. Tracy awoke remembering that she had forgotten to order a cake. It was doubtful if this would matter to Madeline, who would probably make a point of not caring. But it does matter to me, Mrs. Tracy thought. Observances are important and it is, after all, my house.

She did not spring up at once but lay in a wash of morning sunlight, surveying her tanned arms, stretched overhead, while her mind opened doors and went from room to room of the eighteenth-century Connecticut farmhouse. She knew exactly how the curtains blew into Madeline's room, which had once been hers, and why there was silence on one floor and sound on the other. It was a house, she told herself, in which she had never known an unhappy moment.

"I cannot cope with it here," Madeline had written to her father shortly after she arrived. "One at a time would be all right but not all the Tracys and this German." "Cope" was a word Madeline had learned from her mother, who had divorced Madeline's father because she could not cope with him, and then had fled to Europe because she could not cope with the idea of his remarriage. "Can you take Madeline for the summer?" she had written to Anna Tracy, who was a girlhood friend. "You are so much better able to cope."

In the kitchen, directly beneath Mrs. Tracy's bedroom, Doris, who came in every day from the village, had turned on the radio. "McIntoshes were lively yesterday," the announcer said, "but Roman Beauties were quiet." Propelled out of the house to the orchard by this statement, Mrs. Tracy brought herself back to hear Doris's deliberate tread across the kitchen. She heard the refrigerator door slam and then, together with a sharp bite of static, the whir of the electric mixer. That would be Madeline's cake, which must, after all, have been mentioned. Or else Doris, her imagination uncommonly fired, had decided to make waffles for breakfast. The cake was more probable. Satisfied, Mrs. Tracy turned her thoughts to the upper floor.

She skimmed quickly over her husband's bed, which was firmly made up with a starched coverlet across the pillow. Edward spent only weekends in the country. She did not dwell on his life in town five days of the week. When he spoke of what he did, it sounded dull, a mélange of dust and air-conditioning, a heat-stricken party somewhere, and So-and-So, who had called and wanted to have lunch and been put off.

In the next room, Allie Tracy, who was nearly six, stirred and murmured in her bed. In less than a minute, she would be wide awake, paddling across the hall to the bathroom she shared with her mother. She would run water on her washcloth and flick her toothbrush under the faucet. She would pick up yesterday's overalls, which Mrs. Tracy had forgotten to put in the laundry, and pull them on, muttering fretfully at the buttons. Hairbrush in hand, Allie would then begin her morning chant: "Isn't anybody going to do my hair? If nobody does it, I want it cut off. I'm the only one at the beach who still has braids."

Thinking of the overalls, Mrs. Tracy rose, put on her dressing gown and slippers, and went out into the hall, where she met Allie trotting to the bathroom.

"Madeline might do your hair," Mrs. Tracy said. "And don't forget to wish her a happy birthday. Birthdays are important."

"I hope she's in a good mood," Allie said.

Had Edward Tracy been there, the day could not have been started with such verbal economy. "How's my girl?" he would have asked Allie, even though it was plain she was quite well. "Sleep well?" he would have asked of his wife, requiring an answer in spite of the fact that he slept in the next bed and would certainly know if she had been ill or seized with a nightmare. Allie and Mrs. Tracy were fond of him, but his absence was sometimes a relief. It delivered them from "good morning"s and marking time in a number of similar fashions.

Through the two open doors came the morning sun and a wind that rattled the pictures in the hall. Near the staircase was another pair of doors, both of them firmly shut, and from this Mrs. Tracy inferred that half the household still slept. She found it depressing. The hall seemed weighted at one end—like a rowboat, she thought.

Actually, the German boy, Paul Lange, who was also a guest for the summer, was not asleep behind the closed door of his room but fully dressed and listening to Mrs. Tracy and Allie. His shyness, which Mrs. Tracy had stopped trying to understand, would not allow him to emerge as long as there was movement in the upper hall. Also, he slept with his shades drawn, even though there were no neighbors on his side of the house.

"It shuts out the air. Who on earth are you hiding from?" Mrs. Tracy had once asked him. At this, the poor boy had drawn up his brows and looked so distressed that she had added, "Of course, it's your own affair. But I always thought Germans were terribly healthy and went in for fresh air." Thus did she frequently and unconsciously remind him of his origin, although part of her purpose in inviting him to spend the summer had been to help him forget it.

Mrs. Tracy's connection with Paul was remote, dating back to a prewar friendship in Munich with one of his cousins, a maiden lady now living in New York. Paul had been half orphaned in the war, and when his mother died, a few years later, his cousin had adopted him as a means of getting him to America. Impulsively, and with mixed motives of kindness and curiosity, Mrs. Tracy had offered to take him for the summer. His cousin had a small apartment and was beginning to regret having to share it with a grown boy.

Paul had disappointed Mrs. Tracy. He never spoke of the war, which must surely have affected his childhood, and he had none of the characteristics Mrs. Tracy would have accepted as German. He was not fair; he was dark and wore glasses. He could not swim. He was anything but arrogant. He disliked the sun. He spent as much time as he could in his room, and his waking life was centered around a university extension course.

Paul might just as well have stayed in town, for all the pleasure he gets from the country, Mrs. Tracy thought for the fiftieth time. Passing the last door, on her way downstairs, she heard a dull banging in Madeline's room that was probably a hinged window swinging in the wind.

MADELINE awoke at that instant and was unable to place the banging sound or determine where she was. The days of her lifetime had been spent in so many different places—in schools, in camps, in the houses of people she was or was not related to—that the first sight of day was, almost by habit, bewildering. Opening her eyes, she recognized the room and knew that she was spending the summer in the country with the Tracys.

Reaching out of bed, she slammed the window. The room was suddenly quiet, and through the hot-air register she could hear Mrs. Tracy downstairs, asking Doris if she had ever seen such a perfect morning. Doris's answer was

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"Well, good night, Ahmed. If you need anything, just rub."

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lost in the whir of the electric mixer.

Every day of summer, so far, had been launched on a wave of Mrs. Tracy's good will and optimism. Madeline settled back in bed and closed her eyes. Seven more days to Labor Day, she thought, and only then did she remember that it was her birthday. Three years ago, she had been fourteen. In another three, she would be twenty. She was unmarried and not in love and without a trace of talent in any direction. It seemed to her the worst of all possible days.

Turning to the window, she looked with distaste at the top of a pear tree. Someone, Paul or Allie, was scratching at her door.

"Paul, if that's you, then come in. Please don't lurk in the hall."

He slid around the door, spectacles gleaming, with an armful of books. Too wary to speak until he had judged her temper, he sat down on one of the blue-and-white striped chairs, balancing his books.

"Have you come to wish me happy birthday?" Madeline asked. She sat up in bed, tugging halfheartedly at a strap of her nightgown that had broken in the night. With everybody but Paul, she was almost nunlike in her decorum, but she had decided early in the summer that he would put up with anything, and immodesty was only one of the ways she showed her contempt for his unmanliness.

He smiled, or gave way to a nervous tic—Madeline could never be sure which it was. "No," he said, fidgeting. "I did not come for your birthday but to ask you to read this paper and correct the English." He seemed to Madeline doomed for life to ask for help and speak with a slight accent.

"Say 'this,' " she said. "Not 'ziss.' "

"Ziss," he repeated after her.

Mrs. Tracy had hoped that Paul and Madeline would become friends, but, as it happened, they were without interest in each other. Their only common ground was the help Madeline could give him with his studies, and this she did with an ill grace.

"They're nearly of an age—only

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three years or so apart," Mrs. Tracy had told her husband in the spring, before she opened the house in the country. "They're both adrift, in a way—Paul on account of the war, and Madeline from her family. A summer there might do wonders."

Edward Tracy had said nothing. Technically, the Connecticut house belonged to his wife, who had inherited it. Loving it and remembering her own childhood there, she looked upon her summers as a kind of therapy to be shared with the world. Edward, therefore, merely added this summer of Paul and Madeline to his list of impossible summers. These included the summer of the Polish war orphans, the summer of the tennis court, the summer of Mrs. Tracy's cousins, the summer of the unmarried mother, the summer of the Friends of France, and the summer of Bundles for Britain.

Paul and Madeline were less destructive than the Poles and less expensive than the tennis court. Unlike the unmarried mother, they did not leave suicide notes in the car. They were, on the face of it, quiet and undemanding. But there was an unhappiness about them, a lack of ease, that trailed through the house, affecting the general atmosphere. Sometimes Edward felt that having them there was bad for Allie, but he wasn't certain why or how. He said nothing about it, since, as he told himself, he saw them only weekends and couldn't judge.

THE morning of Madeline's birthday, searching for an excuse to leave the city a day early and so have a long weekend, Edward remembered that he and Madeline had had a quarrel of a sort, and he thought, aggrieved, She is keeping me out of my own house. Edward had been drinking the evening before and felt, if not ill, at least indecisive. He sat at the dining-room table unable to drink his coffee or leave it alone, uncomfortable in the empty apartment but reluctant to go out into the heat of the street. Feeling sorry for himself, half wishing himself out of town, he thought of his last conversation with Madeline.

He had found her before one of his wife's white-painted bookcases. Madeline had been sunbathing and smelled of scented oil. Her hair, too long and thick for the season, had been pinned up and was beginning to straggle. Through the window, Edward could see the lawn sloping away to one of Anna's gardens. Anna, with Allie at her heels, moved along the flower border, doing something. They were fair-haired and unhurried. Edward looked at them and approved. He turned to Madeline and frowned. She, ignoring him, knelt on the floor to examine the bottom shelf.

"Looking for something special?" he asked.

Without turning, she said, "I found one book I liked and I thought you might have another."

"What was that?"

"You probably haven't read it," Madeline said, intending the insult. "It was about a girl who worked in a travel agency and fell in love with a lawyer. It was more than that, really, but that was the main thing."

"It sounds like a woman's book," Edward said. "What happened to the girl and the lawyer?" It seemed to him impossible to stop talking.

"He deceived the girl, so she ran a car into something and killed them both."

"Are you sure it belongs to us?" Edward asked.

"Yes. And it was good. I think someone gave it to you." She looked at him for the first time. "I can always tell your

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books by the funny little plate at the front."

Edward looked back at her with loathing and said, "It doesn't sound like terribly healthy reading for a young girl. I think you should spend more time at other things."

"Do you?" Madeline said. "Excuse me, I have to get by you to get out."

She left the room and ran upstairs, her heart pounding with fright and anger.

"DO you know what I hate more than anything?" Madeline said to Paul on the morning of her birthday. "I hate older men who look at girls and insult them." It was an unusually chatty remark for Madeline, but Paul was not listening.

"That little pear tree is dying," he said.

"Let it." Madeline was a city child. The country, with its hills and stretches and unexplained silences, bored and depressed her. Paul considered her.

"Where would you rather be?"

"I don't know," Madeline said indifferently. "Camp was worse."

"But Mrs. Tracy found you alone in an apartment," he said, as if he were telling her about someone else.

Madeline made a face. She was accustomed to being discussed, and she could imagine Mrs. Tracy's version of the story. It was true; she had been found alone in her mother's apartment. Madeline was to have slept there overnight in the interval between the end of school and the start of her holidays, but her mother had forgotten to write and tell her that she was spending the summer with the Tracys, or had neglected to post the letter, and Madeline had remained in the apartment three weeks.

Her mother had been away since Christmas. The apartment was shrouded in white dust covers, the telephone disconnected. No one knew that Madeline was there except the janitor, who had given her the key. Her allowance for the summer, a lump sum from her father, had arrived before the closing of school. She lived on chocolates and liverwurst sandwiches, went to the movies every day, and was ideally happy. All around her in the building was a pleasant bustle of latchkeys, footsteps, voices in the kitchen air shaft, sometimes a radio. Then Anna Tracy had arrived and carried her off like a scoop of ice cream.

"I think I like cities," Madeline said. She lay back with her head on the pillow and closed her eyes. "Are you never going?" she said, not intending it as a question. "If you want to use the bathroom, please go now. I'm going to wash my hair."

The birthday must have put her in an excellent temper, Paul thought. Otherwise, she would never have suggested that he use the bathroom first, for it was a constant grievance between them. It adjoined both their rooms, but Madeline treated it entirely as her own. She left powder on the bathmat, towels on the floor. Every morning, Paul found his towels pushed aside and Madeline's underthings hanging to dry. Ashamed for her, Paul would mop the tub and cap the toothpaste. Madeline would admit no part of Paul into her life. They did not even have a cake of soap in common. *He* might be one of Anna Tracy's casualties; she was not. Without finding words for it, Paul knew that her untidiness had something to do with her attitude toward him and the entire household. He wished she would employ a less troublesome method of showing it.

He stood up and, taking advantage of her humor, paused at the door, and said, "If I go now, will you read my term paper while I'm gone? I must give it to the mailman this morning."

He stepped aside as he said it, and for an astonished moment Madeline thought he expected her to throw something at him. But it was only because of Allie, who had been struggling with the door handle and now burst into the room, hairbrush in hand.

"I was told to tell you a happy birthday," she said to Madeline. "Will you do my hair?"

Madeline sat up. "Am I the only person in this house who can do things?" she asked. "No, I am not going to do your hair and I'm not going to read Paul's paper, because it's my birthday."

Allie sat down on the bed, leaning comfortably across Madeline's feet. She offered the hairbrush as if she hadn't heard. "What an adorable nightgown that is," she said. "Doris is making you a cake."

Madeline kicked at her from under the covers. "Get off and get out," she said. "You're more annoying than Paul." She looked at Paul and he smiled foolishly, backing into the hall with his books.

"I'll be back later," he promised.

"Now, as for you—" Madeline said to Allie. She took the hairbrush and began brushing Allie's hair so hard that it hurt.

Allie, accustomed to this daily punishment, said only, "Braid it good and tight, otherwise it comes undone in the water."

"Since it's my birthday," said Madeline, "could you do me a favor and leave me alone all day? Without even speaking to me?"

"No," Allie said, and added warningly, "Don't yell at me—Mummy's coming."

"Happy birthday!" Mrs. Tracy said as she opened the door. She was wearing blue and looked younger than Madeline. "Allie, let Madeline get dressed. Go on downstairs and put her present in front of her plate." She moved quietly about the room picking up and straightening Madeline's belongings. It had been her own room

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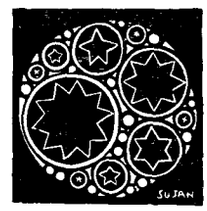
before she married, and it was perfect for a *jeune fille*, but Madeline, she felt, would have been just as happy in a tent on the lawn.

"You're a very sloppy girl," she observed, "even for your age. But I daresay it's a reaction to boarding school. That's one good thing about this house. People can relax in it and be what they are. I mean I couldn't survive the winter without a summer here."



"Couldn't you?" said Madeline. "I could, with pleasure."

No one—not even Madeline—was ever rude to Mrs. Tracy, and she stood still, rooted with shock, Madeline's bathing suit in her hand. Then she saw that Madeline was crying. "Oh!" Mrs. Tracy exclaimed. "Not on your birthday! Allie, honey, will you do what Mummy tells you and go downstairs?"

She sat down on the bed where Allie had been. "I can't think what can be *wrong*," she said. She did not touch Madeline but folded her hands on her lap and looked at them, frowning. "On your birthday," she repeated wonderingly. "I know it sounds trite, but this is the best time of your life, this and the next four or five years. Why, when I think of your mother at your age! All the gardenias and the orchids! These are the years that should be absolute heaven for you."

From behind her hands, Madeline said, "I wish you had left me in town. I was perfectly all right."

"I can't listen to such nonsense," Mrs. Tracy said. She stood up, smoothing the covers at Madeline's feet. "Allie, will you please, for the love of God, do what Mummy tells you for once and go downstairs?"

"I don't like Mr. Tracy," Madeline said, "and he doesn't like me."

"You're being dramatic," Mrs. Tracy said, "but it's normal at your age." More gently, she added, "But you mustn't cry over nothing. In a few years, you can do anything you please, as I do, or your mother does. Now get dressed and come to breakfast, like a good girl. This is a terrible start for a birthday."

Still hiding her face, Madeline nodded, and Mrs. Tracy fled down the staircase, relieved to be away from so much emotion. Perhaps Madeline had been miserable all summer.

In the kitchen, she found Allie sitting on a high stool, holding a large mixing bowl between her knees. She was scraping the sides of the bowl with a rubber spatula and licking off bits of cake batter. Her pale hair, brushed but unbraided, was smeared with batter and stuck to her cheeks.

"Allie! Not before breakfast," Mrs. Tracy said, from habit. Allie, aware of the absent-minded voice, went on without answering. Mrs. Tracy sat down at the table and leaned her head on her hand. Finally, she said, "When you were upstairs, before I came in, how did Madeline act?"

"Like always."

"What does that tell me? Put that thing—that bowl—down. What is 'always'?"

"With Madeline, it means to be rude."

"Yes. But was she crying? Did she say anything about me?"

"No," Allie said, embarrassed.

"This is dreadful," said Mrs. Tracy. "I can't live for the rest of the summer, even seven days of it, with someone in the house who is thinking only of the train to New York."

This was beyond Allie. She murmured, "If she is going, will we have a birthday party just the same?"

"There! The party!" Mrs. Tracy cried. "And your father won't be here. This is his fault. If he had been here, if he had spent more time with us, none of this would have happened."

"We could call him," Allie said. "I can get long distance."

"Maybe he doesn't like this house, either," Mrs. Tracy said. "I can't understand any of this. Everyone I know has always been happy. My summers have always been so perfect, ever since I was a child." And, bursting into tears, she ran out to the garden, past the astonished postman, who had walked up from the road with a package too large for the mailbox. It contained a present for Madeline, an unsuitable evening dress chosen by her stepmother, whom she had never met.

FROM the window of his room, Paul saw Mrs. Tracy run across the lawn. She stopped and bent down to pull three or four bits of wild grass from a flower bed. Then she wiped her eyes with her hands and walked calmly back to the house.

He turned to his books and wondered how soon it would be safe to approach Madeline again. A moment later, he heard the postman drive away and knew that he had missed the deadline for his term paper.

Mrs. Tracy put in a call to Mr. Tracy, and Paul began composing a letter to the head of the extension course, asking if he might submit his paper a few days late. He would show the letter to Madeline, he thought.

In the next room, Madeline had stopped crying and fallen asleep. She dreamed that someone had given her a doll house. When a bell rang downstairs, it merged into her dream as something to do with school. Actually, the ringing was caused by the long-distance operator, who had at first reported that the circuits to New York were busy and was now ready to complete the call. Mrs. Tracy entered the house in time to take the receiver from Allie's hand and assure her husband that nothing was the matter, that she had called only to say good morning.

"It's a lovely morning here," she said. "Couldn't you come up in time for dinner tonight? It's for Madeline's sake—you know what a birthday means to a young girl."

"I don't know," Edward said. "I suppose I could." His office would be unbearably hot, and he was beginning to feel foolish about his quarrel with Madeline. "She's only a kid," he said aloud.

"That's just the point. We mustn't take her too seriously. And it's her birthday," Mrs. Tracy said, as if this fact were a talisman, something that would cause the day to fall into place.

When she had hung up, Allie, who had been listening, looked at her accusingly. "I heard Madeline say she didn't like him," she said.

"People often say things," Mrs. Tracy said. "You must never pay attention to what people say if you know the opposite to be true."

"Like what?" said Allie.

"Well, for instance," Mrs. Tracy said seriously, "I could believe I was the only person who had enjoyed being here this summer. But I know it isn't reasonable."

She had, in fact, put the idea out of her head while pulling grass from the garden.

"Now," she said, "will you please, for the last time, call Paul and Madeline, so that we can get breakfast over with and get this day under way?"

—MAVIS GALLANT

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Lido Beach (L.I.) Register*]

At least half a dozen people came over to ask Mr. Joseph Kramer why he was reading "The Bayonne Times" the other day. Seems that Mr. K, one of the most popular LIDOites, owns a factory in Bayonne.

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RECONCILIATION IN THE BRONX

MR. LOUIS GROSS, seated in his favorite chair reading the evening newspaper, could hear the shrill and discordant voices of his wife and daughter coming through the door to the kitchen, but these familiar sounds indicated a mere difference of opinion; they lacked the pitch and bitterness that would have suggested a raging quarrel.

A few minutes later, silence pervaded the apartment, and Pa Gross was aware that something was amiss. Lowering his newspaper, he peered over his rimless glasses in time to see his daughter stalking swiftly toward her bedroom. "Fa'vensakes, Bella," said the old man, getting quickly to his feet, "what'sa metta you in such a hurry alluva sunn? Is maybe a big fire sale by you in badroom, you must cetch quick a boggin? Where you rushing in such a big rush? You maybe gung out?"

"I should say I *am* going out!" snapped Bella. "Gee whizz, the way Mom keeps picking on me alla time, a person would think I was some harp or other. Besides," she added in a calmer tone, "I promised Nettie Portnow I might drop over after supper, we should take in a pickcha show."

"Moom-pickchehs, feh!" Pa snorted. "Is all the time the ecktehs kissing mit the ecktehkehs, udder is the ecktehkehs kissing mit the ecktehs. Some pleasure! Listen, better you should stay home and enjoy a liddle the radio. Is very nice—"

"Please! Can't a person live their own life arounn here? My goodness, I work the whole, entire day long in the awfice taking down the boss's dictation, comes nighttime, the lease I'm entitled is a little fun, a little relaxation. Oh, no!"

At this moment, the door to the kitchen was flung open and Mrs. Gross, her ample figure flooding the portal, stood there eying the two with displeasure and distrust.

"Alluva sudden," continued Bella, now making her mother the direct target of her tirade, "evveybody in the house starts in dictating to me, specially my own mother. Gee whizz, what am I arounn here? Some prisoner? Some criminal? Can't a person even go out if they wanna?"

"Fa mine pott, go! Go 'head awready!" exclaimed Mrs. Gross, pointing to the door. "Who nidds you here? Lookit her, mine boggin! 'Bella,' I say to her, 'clinn op a liddle the house, it shouldn't look like a stable from picks.' No! This she can't do, mine fine sesiety lady. *Ubber* to go see moom-pickchehs—aha, fa this she's rushing like a regelleh firelady! Fa this she's—"

"Mrs. Victrolleh!" bellowed Pa Gross, slapping his thighs with his palms. "The niddle take away from the tunk! A few drops quiet should be here in house! Fa'vensakes, dijja ever!" After glowering at his wife for a moment or two, Pa placed a hand on Bella's shoulder and adopted a lofty and judicial tone. "Is Bella positiffly a hundritt pratzent right! Listen, a whole day she's busy mit the typewrider, mit the shutthend book, a-yeh? *Nu*, so hommany busses she nidds in one day? One buss is plenty, believe me. *Ketzeleh*, dolling," he purred, forcing Bella gently into his chair, "take mine chair and siddonn. Here," he added, as he presented her with his newspaper. "Here is mine paper, so go 'head, siddonn, look and enjoy!"

FOR Pa Gross to part with his newspaper before he had finished reading it was an act of such unprecedented magnanimity as to disconcert his listeners. Mother and daughter, hitherto at odds, were promptly united in a single endeavor—to discover the reason for this sudden gesture of generosity.

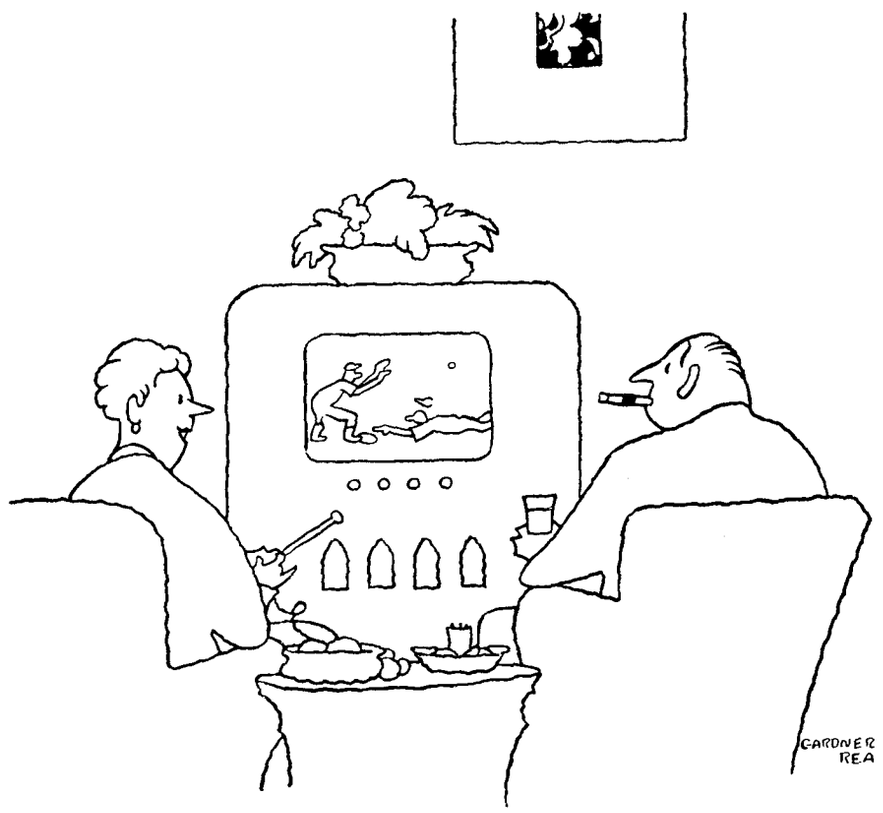
"Looy," chanted Mrs. Gross, regarding her mate with a fixed and frigid glance, "what is mit you, Looy? You sick? You got a fivver, God fabbid, udder what? Why you giving away the noocepaper, Looy?"

"That's what I wanna know," said Bella. "There's something mighty funny going on arounn here. First, he refuses I should go to a pickcha show. Next, he wants I should listen to the radio. And now, from out from a clear blue sky, he's handing me his paper I should read. Look, lookit him, Ma!" she shouted, pointing an accusing finger at her father. "He's looking at his watch, like if he's expecting somebody."

Mr. Gross tried hard, but unsuccessfully, to look surprised and innocent. "Miss Futchin-Tellekeh!" he barked as he pocketed his watch. "I'm saying somebody is coming?"

This evasion confirmed his wife's suspicions. "Looy, I know you from a lunk time, Looy. Mit me you not making bluffs, you hear? Listen, you gung to tell who is coming, udder not?" she demanded.

Pa's sigh was a token of surrender. Then he addressed his inquisitors. "Was tonight a big busy bime sobvay— don't esk! Like a regelleh can from sardinns was gepeckt the train. *Nu*, so I'm stending op like this," he said, seizing an invisible strap, "and alluva sunn, one-two-three, is somebody giving me a



"One nice thing about television, you don't have to pick out where to look."

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push. So right away I'm pushing him beck. Again he's pushing me, you hear? So now I'm med. So I give a turn around and I say to the man, 'Scuse me, Mister. You can't push a liddle less?' Alluva sunn I give a look on his face, the man, and guess who I'm tukking, who?"

"'Who?' he's esking yet!" Ma Gross said in exasperation. "Maybe was there Pressident Truman in sobvay, udder was pushing you Clock Gable! Fa'vensakes, tell awready who!"

"Was Mexie!" Pa tossed the name of Bella's former suitor into the air as if it were a bomb, and then waited for the explosion.

"Go on!" gasped his wife. "Mexie Fine?"

"Oh, Pa," wailed Bella. "Don't tell me you went and ast Mac Fine to come over here tonight? Gee whizz, if there's one person I don't ever wanna see again so long I live, Mac is it. And now, lo and behold, my own father goes ahead and he calmly invites him he should come over. Listen," she said, with a toss of her head, "if Mr. Fine expecks I'm gonna begin all over again from whence we left off at, he's got one big crust, I must say! And furthermore, I'm going over to see Nettie Portnow right this minute and keep our moompickcha date. In fack, that's exackly where I'm going!"

"O.K., Miss Fussy, so go!" blared Pa. "You think Mexie is coming to see you? Neh! *Me*, he's coming to see." He stabbed his chest with his finger. "Mexie is gung to do me a special faveh and he's gung to mock donn by me the texas. And fa this he's not chonging me a penny even. Is not custing me—"

"Where comes Mexie to your texas alluva sunn?" asked his wife.

"A kvestion! Mexie is a collitch-boy bookkippeh, a 'contant, no? So from texas he's a regelleh specialist. *Nu*, so he's coming here, I'm telling him hommuch I'm making bime paychick, and he's mocking donn—"

"Dope! *Schlemiehl!*" shouted Mrs. Gross. "Is Mexie's business hommuch you making?"

"Uf cuss is Mexie's business!" Pa said. "How you speck he's gung to make me out mine nincome texas if he dunno hommuch is mine celery itch wikk? Dijja ever!"

"You don't hafta worry, Mom," Bella said. "An accountant is in the precise same category like a doctor. They gotta keep their infimmation strickly confidential, else if they go blabbing it arounn, well, it's just too bad! But what I don't unnastand," continued Bella, turning to her father, "is why Mac is coming here *now*, insteada doong the time when people are supposed to make out their taxes."

"Because now is by Mexie the slack sizzin," the old man quickly retorted. "What you speck, he should do me a free faveh when is by him a big busy in awfice?"

"*Nu*," said Mrs. Gross, dismissing the matter with a shrug, "so when he's coming here, your friend, *Doctch* Mexie Fine?"

"In a couple minutes," he mumbled,

ESSAY ON LUNCH

Quick lunch! Quick lunch! the neon cries, and I,
Dismayed by any eating on the fly,
As you perhaps anticipate, reply:
Slow lunch! With beer, meat, gravy, pudding, pie.
Who is it that, for lunch, could really wish
A little salad, on a little dish?
Or cup of soup, lukewarm for gulping quick?
Or candy bar? Or ice cream on a stick?
Or hot dog gobbled at a hot-dog stand?
Or Coke, or Pepsi, or some other brand?
Our lunches, like our jets, designed for speed,
Hardly begin to meet the nation's need.
Not so the workingman, whose noon repast
Is seldom eaten light, and never fast.
The foreman's whistle calls him from his spade
To one full hour recumbent in the shade,
Where, as the sweat cools on his honest brow,
He leisurely attacks his honest chow.
His back against a tree in perfect ease,
He takes enormous bites of bread and cheese—
A clear reproof to that white-collar class
That will not trust its pants to God's green grass.
The mighty sandwiches of beef and ham,
Of peanut butter, apple butter, jam,
Three hard-boiled eggs, six pickles, followed by
A huge and oozing slab of lemon pie,
Prepare the workingman to undertake,
Refreshed and braced, a chunk of chocolate cake.
We'll leave him here as he removes his shoes
And curls up underneath his tree, to snooze.
Our drugstore fare must all the more displease
When we reflect on lunches overseas,
Where every Frenchman is a skilled gourmet,
And Spaniards take siestas every day.
The German waitress, seeing one sit down,
Makes for one's table, not with pad and frown
And tiny glass of water (as done here)
But with a stalwart, smiling stein of beer,
Assuming—and why not?—that anyone
Would gladly have his *Mahlzeit* thus begun.
She brings then loads of heavy German food,
Promoting heavy German lassitude,
And many a German, after such a snack,
Spends many an afternoon flat on his back.
Far as we are, a long and liquid span,
From lunch by such a European plan,
Far as we are, as well, from workingmen,
By habit, on a bourgeois regimen,
This is the best advice you'll get from me:
Pack heavy lunch pails—or pack two or three—
And take them to your offices, and eat
In quantity and leisure. Prop your feet
(Shoeless, of course) against the window sill,
And let the hasty hustle, if they will.

—WALKER GIBSON

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hoping his answer wouldn't be heard.

"Oh, fa heaven's sakes!" Bella glared at her father and then, in a sudden whirlwind of activity, began snatching up various articles of clothing he had strewn about the room. "It's a wonder you don't warn a person we're having company, specially when the place is a regella mess! Come on, Mom," she urged. "We better get busy and do a little cleaning up arounn here before Mac gets the impression, God oney knows what!"

SEATED at her dressing table, applying the final touches to an elaborate toilette, Bella Gross could hear her mother, in the next room, subjecting their visitor to a thorough cross-examination about the state of his parents' health. As she paused to inspect her handiwork, Bella imagined herself talking to her quondam admirer. "Oh, sure!" she could hear herself saying. "I guess alla phones went outta commission alluva sudden, you couldn't call up to find out how I feel, if I'm O.K., or maybe, God fabbid, I got a virus condition or something. Oh, no—not you! I guess alla letter carriers went out on strike, you couldn't drop me a penny postal card: 'Hi ya, Billie? What's new?' Oh, no—not you, Mr. Fine! So now, after all this time, you come arounn here and you think all I gotta do—"

Her mother's voice suddenly impinged upon her consciousness. "Scuse me, Mexie," she heard Ma Gross say. "I must go in kitchen, and in two seconts I'll fix you a hot gless tea togeddeh mit a piece spuntch cake, believe me, you'll lick by you the fingehs, is so delicious mine spuntch cake!"

Bella decided that the moment had come for her to make an entrance. Tossing aside the towel she had spread over her lap, she jumped to her feet and headed for the dining room.

"Well, look who's here, fa heaven's sakes!" trilled Bella, her eyes wide. "Mac Fine, where in the world did you spring from? Hello, there, stranger!"

Pushing his chair aside, the young man stumbled forward to shake her outstretched hand. "Hello, Billie. My, I'm certainey gladda see you. In fack, might I compliment you on your looks?" He slowly surveyed her, observing her carefully stencilled lips, her eyes, heavily beaded with mascara, and her frock, dark blue and profusely speckled with sequins. "Say, that sure is some very be-

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coming outfit you got on, Billie. Very."

"Oh, this!" She dismissed his praise with a quick wave of her hand. Then she walked over to the bureau and took a handbag out of one of the drawers. "Well, I gotta be running along now," she said airily. "It so happens I got a heavy date, and I dassent keep this here party waiting. You know how it is, Mac." She gave him a significant smile, and his pained and stricken look told her that she had achieved precisely the effect she had hoped for. But her satisfaction was short-lived.

"You hear, Mexie?" Pa said heartily. "She's gung to see a moom-pickcheh show mit Nettie Portnow, and that is by her a heavy date. Yeh, yeh, some heavy date!"

Bella's murderous glare was met by the old man with a look of cherubic innocence. "Listen, dolling," he went on, "a heavy date is mit a man. *Nu*, so give a look. Is here a man—Mexie! So why you not gung to see the pickcheh show mit him?" He then turned to the embarrassed guest. "Listen, Mexie, I betcha you like to see moom-pickchehs, a-yeh? *Nu*, so go, take Bella, have a good time, and enjoy!"

"I'd like to very much," said Max, "oney I don't wanna innafere with any previous plans Billie might of made with Nettie."

"Seemsta me that if you wanted to take in a pickcha show," Bella said somewhat haughtily, "the lease you coulda done, being you know my phone number, you coulda called me up and made a date. Oh, no—not you! Time goes by, and not one single, solitary word outta you. Fa your part, I don't even exist, which is perfeckly O.K. by me."

"But, Billie, I knew all along how you were getting on," Max said. "In fack, all about you. Why, certainey!" he went on as Bella stood there gaping at him. "At lease once, maybe twice a month, I'd meet your father in the subway, and I'd inquire how you're getting on, and he was kine enough to inform me you were O.K. Finey I got up the nerve to ast if it was O.K. I should come over to the house and pay a little visit, and he told me sure, but maybe it's wiser if I pretended like I'm gonna fix up his income tax."

Bella's glance veered swiftly from Max to her father. "You meanna say that Mac din come up here special fa your taxes?" she asked.

"What you tukking from mine texas?" replied Pa, with a shrug. "Miss Stupey-Head, hommany yirrs I'm mocking donn mine texas by mineself? Plenty, a-yeh? *Nu*, so why I nidd yet Mexie? I figger if Mexie is coming here, maybe you'll be mit him friends just like before. So tell me, *ketzeleh*, I got right, udder not?"

Bella seemed frozen for a few moments, and then, suddenly, she smiled. Extending her arm, she cast a quick glance at her wristwatch and scowled. "Gee whizz, Mac, the pickcha show starts in about fifteen minutes. Listen, if you wanna go," she said, hurrying toward the door, "let's go awready!"

MA GROSS puffed her way into the dining room, straining under the weight of a heavy tray of dishes she was carrying. "Fa'vensakes, Looy," she cried, casting a puzzled look around the room, "so where is Mexie? And Bella, where is?"

"'Where?' she's esking yet!" Pa said, without looking up from his newspaper. "So where should they be? Bime moom-pickchehs! Where then?"

"Moom-pickchehs?" echoed Mrs. Gross hollowly.

"Certainly! Uf cuss! Why not?"

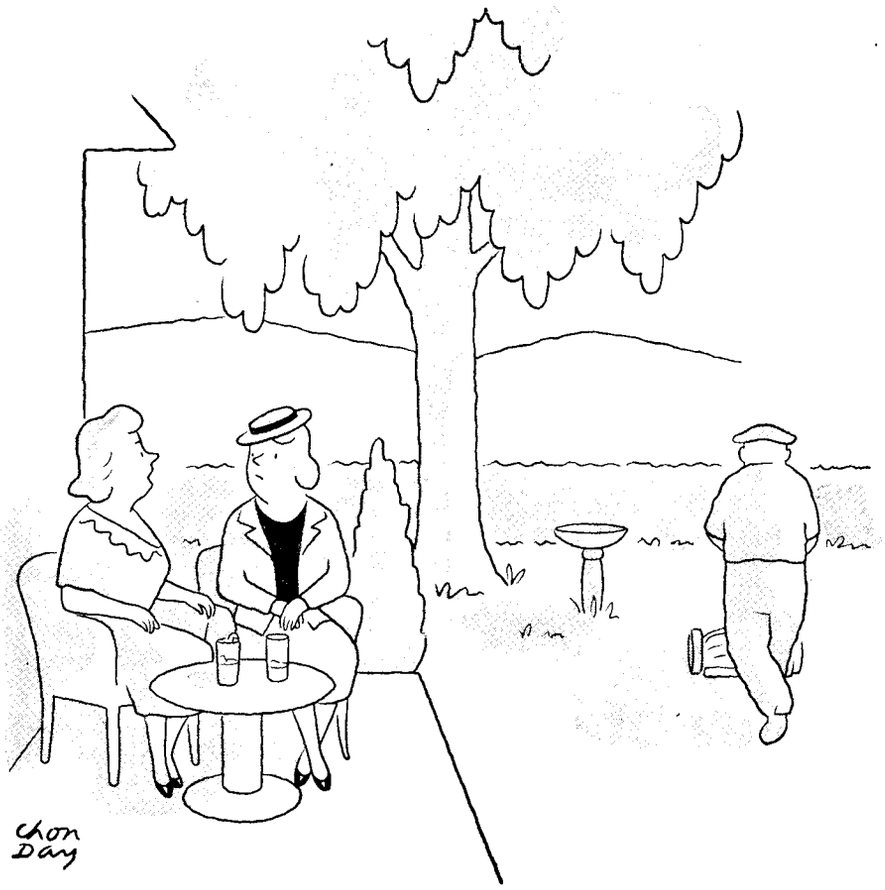
"Dijja ever!" Ma exclaimed. "I'm woiking like a regelleh soiving-goil bime kitchen, and is now nobody home! *Nu*, so what is gung be mit the tea I fixed, and mit mine delicious spuntch cake?"

"What'sa metta, I'm a cripple, God fabbid!" roared Pa, lowering his paper. "A person is *tzoppling* away fa a hot gless tea togeddeh mit a piece spuntch cake, and she's stending there like a *goylem*, and she's looking on me! Mrs. Stingy, so fix awready!"

Mrs. Gross dutifully complied with his request and poured the tea, at the same time showering Pa with a torrent of invective, as loud and forceful as it was descriptive.

An expression of deep contentment overspread the face of Mr. Louis Gross, seated in his favorite chair, blissfully sipping his tea and reading his newspaper, dimly aware of sounds at once familiar and agreeable.

—ARTHUR KOBER



"We've been happily married for seventeen years—at least, I have."

•

Members of the Melbourne Junior Chamber of Commerce proposed Monday night to start a mosquito control of their own. It was suggested that they obtain the use of several automobiles and attach a spraying nozzle and go around town spraying themselves. It was indicated by Tom Waddell that plenty of spray was available for this purpose.—*Melbourne (Fla.) Times.*

And a very amusing idea it is, too.

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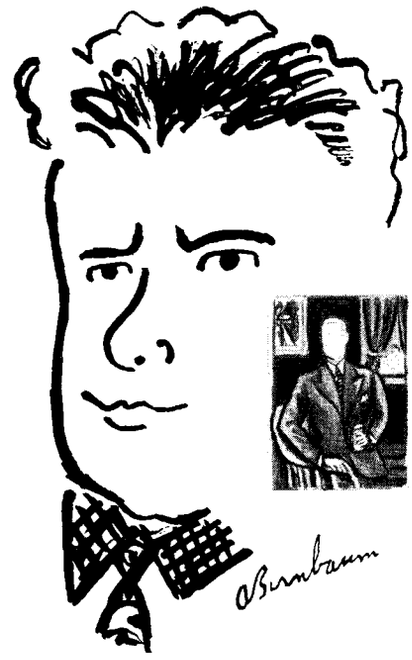
PROFILES

MASTER OF THE BEFORE AND THE AFTER

VALENTINO SARRA, a mop-haired, Italian-born professional photographer and amateur orchidologist with the ingratiating exuberance and uncurried accent of the standard musical-comedy hurdy-gurdy man, is probably as responsible as any one individual for giving pictorial form and substance to the adman's sunny, four-color conception of this country's ideal way of life. In return for Sarra's affirmative, or after-using-the-product, depiction of our folkways, American advertisers last year paid his company, Sarra, Inc., the greater part of its million-dollar gross income. In the world Sarra creates, the mothers of the nation, as they slit the Kellogg's Corn Soya box along the dotted line or treat the kitchen-sink trap with Drano, look unvaryingly twenty-two years old, vibrant (thanks to Vitamins Plus), slender (courtesy of the Gossard Line of Beauty), and breath-taking of complexion (to the credit of Ivory Soap), until suddenly they reappear from stage right as apple-cheeked grandmothers with dazzling Drene-shampooed white hair, their Murined eyes a-twinkle to apply Johnson's Glo-Coat to their Heritage Henredon dining-room suite ("A New Idea in Furniture—to Bring Your Dreams Up Close"). The little girls at the young mothers' heels, contentedly ruminating on Beech-Nut Gum, are always curly-headed, sometimes thanks to a Toni, and if the little boys—all-girl or all-boy families are barred from the admen's Erewhon—are allowed the comedy relief of freckles, they are also sure to display a dimple in anticipation of "That Wonderful, *Wonderful* Moment!"—bedtime on a Beautyrest. The husbands, fathers, and fiancés in this shining-eyed Eden are unfailingly strong, handsome, and youthful, except in those special instances when they are permitted to manifest the well-aged mellowness appropriate to a true appreciation of a particular blended whiskey and to their identification as Men of Distinction, the immortalizing of which fraternity is Sarra's best-known achievement in commercial illustration.

If a share of the national neuroses should ever be traced to the public's sense of conflict between this glossy recreation of daily life and its generally imperfect, potbellied, and gray-specked reality, Sarra would have a staunch alibi: He is also recognized among advertisers as the master of what are known as "before" shots, which deal with the negative, agony-ridden side of things. In this other Sarra version of contemporary civilization, pictured, for the most part, in sombre black-and-white rather than the glittering Kodachrome of "after" life, the familiar pretty girl cringes alone at the party because she hasn't caught wise to Cashmere Bouquet soap, "The Lovelier Way to Avoid Offending;" the wife broods over her sleeping husband, a non-user of Gillette Razor Blades ("Do Those Bristles Mean He's Ceased to Care?"); and the hollow-eyed mother clutches at her young, having just learned that a fifty-foot steel girder has squashed her spouse, who, lamentably, worked in a plant unsupervised by Liberty Mutual's safety service.

Sarra, a spectacularly unneurotic man himself, has never been known to fret about whether his two-pronged attack on the national psyche might eventually convert his audience into schizoids. The only aspect of his work capable of depressing his normally inflated spirits is the possibility that his pictures might not sell the advertised products. "The t'ing is, they no sella the product, I go back to lunchbox in blacksmith shop in Monongahela, Pennsylvania," he shouted over his shoulder to an account executive one afternoon recently, as he loped around his studio with a three-year-old girl model in his arms, trying to beguile her into looking suitably enchanted when posed as a member of a family circle gathered around a General Electric television set ("It Spoils You for Anything Less Perfect . . ."). "I *like* you," he said to the child, swinging her rapidly around in a circle, as his staff of technicians, prop-shifters, and apprentices moved toward the camera, closing in for the kill. "Tell you story now: Once upon a time were t'ree bear—mama bear, papa bear . . ." He interrupted one whirl to take a racing look through the camera at the mother and father models already in position and a-smile. "O.K., sweetheart," he said, suddenly plunking the child down under the lights. "Enough this love-making. What you say you give me that great big twenty-five-cent surprise smile now?" The little model, eyes slightly glazed, gave him the twenty-five-cent surprise smile, and half a million candlepower of light exploded



Valentino Sarra

as, from a tense crouch beside the camera, Sarra squeezed the bulb. "Now, *that* picture sella the product!" he said, spreading out flat on his stomach on the cable-strewn floor in search of a new angle, while half a dozen of his helpers changed the flash bulbs and the camera plate for the next exposure. "And I eat crabmeat Louis at the Waldorf."

It isn't likely that Sarra really worries about having to return to a blacksmith's lunchbox, because the million-dollar gross his firm made last year, which included returns from an extensive production of color projection slides, industrial documentary films, and television commercials, made it very probably the biggest all-round enterprise in the field of advertising illustration. On the whole, Sarra's rates are a good fifteen per cent higher than the industry's average. For a full-page picture, his charges start at five hundred dollars and go as high as three thousand. Sarra himself this year is paying an income tax on between thirty and forty thousand dollars. About two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of the company's billings last year were for pictures on which Sarra personally tripped the shutter (he rarely touches a job that pays less than eight hundred dollars), and three-quarters of *this* sum represented payment for what advertising circles call "dramatic shots." This Sarra specialty has evolved in a direct line from the first advertising photographs he ever took, twenty-two years ago, when he was working for Underwood & Underwood. The advertiser was Eno Fruit Salts, and the account executive was specific about what he wanted. "Give

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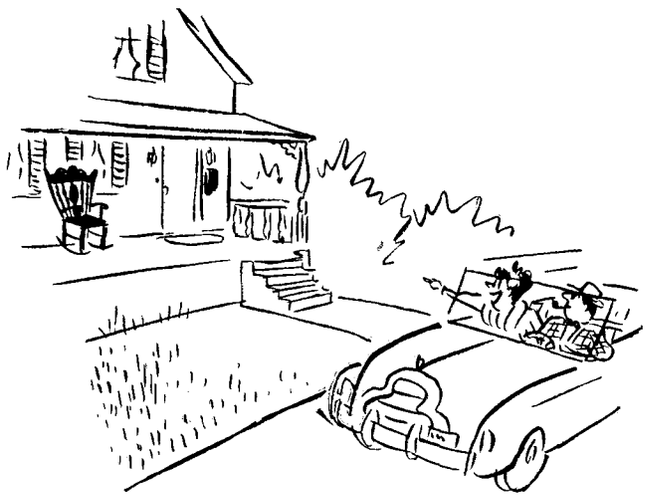

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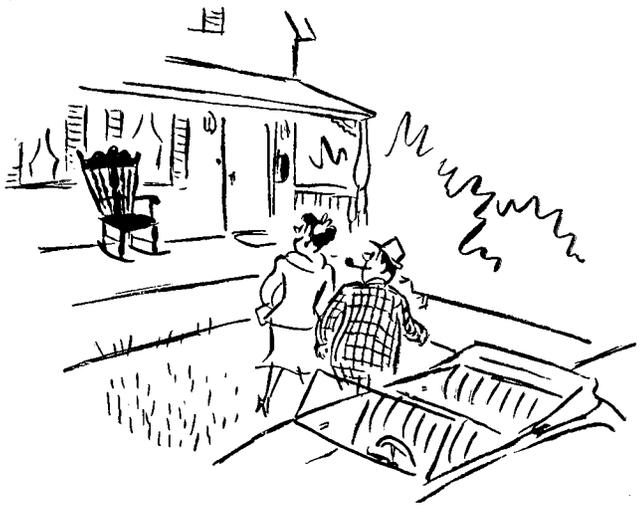

us some shots of people with clouded judgment, jaded nerves, befogged brains, and paralyzed initiative," he said. Underwood & Underwood were so pleased with Sarra's obediently graphic representations of citizens in various stages of inner distress that they used one of his photographs in an ad they ran in a trade magazine to tout their services. "Here is our forceful dramatizing of the Eno message, a *selling* photograph that commands attention and demands action," the caption said proudly. "This man is sick. You can't help stopping to look at his lined, unhappy face." As Sarra, a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain and a man who has been described in an article in *Camera* as "a great artist . . . [who] loves photography above all," is given to remarking, there could be no higher praise than this for any picture. "From beginning, though, photography was easy for me," he says modestly, "because from beginning I like pictures that tell selling story, got dramatic action."

Sarra's definition of dramatic action, unlike Aristotle's, is not limited to catharsis; in his view, it can be extracted from any scene in which the models are not required to look straight at the camera or straight at the product. The high tragedy of the "before" shot, where the product does not appear at all, can be conveyed only by dramatic action, of course, but Sarra is also revered in the advertising agencies for the action he gets into the happy-ending, or product-brandishing, "after" shot. "Models don't just stand around looking beautiful in Sarra's ads," an art director for the Young & Rubicam agency observed the other day. "They may come in the studio waving their profiles around, but before they pick up their checks he's hollered and poked the girls into acting like living human beings." Christian Christensen, of the Kudner Agency, uses Sarra, he says, "whenever we want to class a picture up." Thayer Jaccaci, of J. Walter Thompson, is inclined to credit some of Sarra's effectiveness to the fact that, as he told a client not long ago, "in many ways, Sarra is still the little Italian immigrant boy, wide-eyed over the American dream. Look at this," he went on, flourishing a picture of a beaming family huddled around a television set amid a welter of 7-Up bottles. "The strength and greatness of America, dead center!"

This kind of talk is not heard among some of Sarra's competitors. "Sarra's got that phony accent and those phony cute ways," one of them said a couple of weeks ago, "and the art directors in the advertising agencies—who call the turn on us photographers, you know—fall for it like gullible ninepins." A former associate of Sarra's recently described what he maintained was a typical Sarra campaign for new business. "He and one of his straight men go to see some important art director," he said. "The stooge goes in first—impeccably dressed and terribly, terribly genial—and in a minute Sarra sort of dances in after him. Doesn't say a word, just looks around the room. Maybe there's some lousy water color on the wall. He bounds over to it. 'Where you get that painting?' he asks. 'Summamabitch, 'at's the goddam best painting I ever saw.' He circles close, backs away, and does some elaborate footwork in front of it while his front man and the other boys get on with the rate talk. First thing you know, Sarra's ripped off the coat of his three-hundred-dollar suit, tossed it under the nearest desk, and is down cross-legged on the floor in front of the picture, head to one side, muttering idiotically to himself in Italian, face all covered with simple childish joy. Finally, the discussion in the other corner turns to the question of a nine-hundred-dollar job versus a sixteen-hundred-dollar job. 'Oh, my God, the sixteen-hundred-dollar job's the only t'ing for fellow like you,' says Sarra, who—don't kid yourself—hasn't missed a single figure. 'Sure, is more money, but fellow like you, fellow with picture like that—Jeez Chri', why you no wanna sella me 'at picture?' Well, in fourteen minutes flat the client thinks he has the honor of doing business with the original genius of them all, Nature Boy himself." Roland Martini, a vice-president of the Gardner Advertising Company, looks on the matter differently, however. "Val is just the best photographer in the field, that's what," he says. "He may understand perfectly that showmanship is nine-tenths of salesmanship, and that photography is, after all, a business, but he's also an honest-to-God free soul, and naturally we find that attractive. There aren't many of them in advertising, you know."

AT forty-seven, this light of the advertisers' world is a medium-size man, rather stockily built, with a large head, a strong, square face, gleaming dark eyes, and a restless, prowling walk. His accent, which his acquaintances find either titillating or unbearable, is a luxuriant combination of gurgling liquid consonants, elided articles, and superfluous syllables, which, along with a tendency toward malapropisms, frequently makes comprehending him a real challenge. Those who contend that thirty years' residence in this country is plenty long enough for any foreigner to clear away whatever linguistic underbrush he

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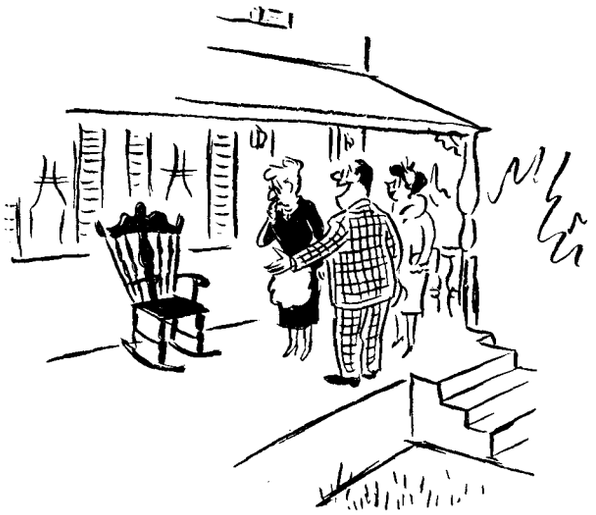

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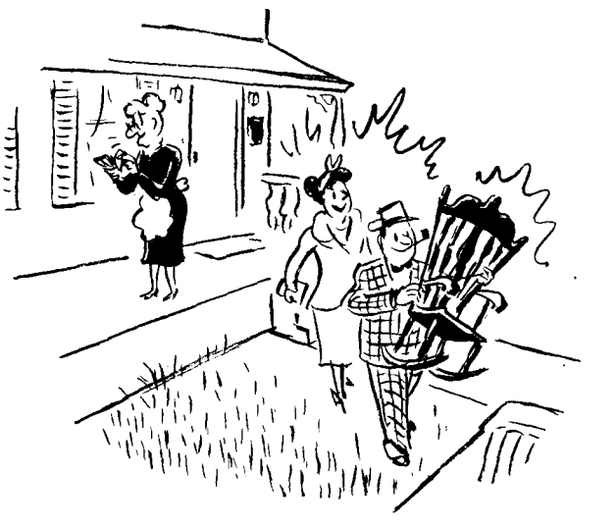

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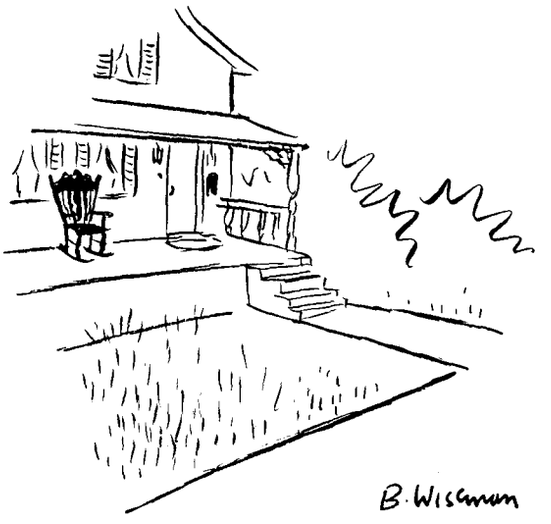

may have brought with him—if, that is, he isn't nursing it along as a business asset—have trouble explaining how an occasionally impenetrable system of communication can be advantageous in the advertising world, but there is no doubt that Sarra goes profitably along, saying, for example, "mechananical" or "make-a-nickel" for "mechanical" and clinching business conversations with "No maybe about it, I do it this way if I was me." His native language, on the other hand, is useful on the inevitable evenings devoted to entertaining prospective clients: Sarra always steers them to restaurants presided over by one or another of the numerous Italian headwaiters with whom he plays poker several times a month. The emotional "r"-rolling reunions that take place across the velvet ropes consistently result in gastronomic treats at the table, even though, as a multilingual account executive who was present on one of these occasions reported later, "Actually, Sarra's Italian is even worse than his English." After such a hand-tooled banquet, most of Sarra's customer-guests are inclined to regard with indulgence his habit of curling up in his chair or lying down on the floor at about nine-thirty and napping for forty-five minutes. However, if some granite-faced prospects should indicate that, really, there is such a thing as overdoing this character business, Sarra has still another resource that sets him apart from his competitors; the following morning he is likely to send around to the holdouts not the standard-practice case of Scotch but a choice sampling of *Cattleya*, *Brassavola*, *Epidendrum*, or *Laelia* orchids from the five thousand plants in his Roslyn greenhouse—probably the finest collection owned by any amateur grower in the country.

Linguistic pyrotechnics, exuberant conduct, and gifts of orchids would have been of little help to a photographer trying to wheedle a fat assignment out of an advertising agency in December, 1921, when, at the age of eighteen, Sarra made his first contact with the American dream, arriving here from the small mountain town of San Demetrio, near Aquila, in the dead center of Italy. At that time, the enormous role that color—or even black-and-white—photography would play in the marketing of brand names was almost totally unsuspected along Madison Avenue, the purlieu of the advertising man. This lack of perception was to some extent the result of a lag in technical developments. It is true that Daguerre's camera was then eighty-two years old and that George Eastman had patented film as a substitute for glass plates in 1884, but it was six years after Sarra's arrival before Dr. L. G. Brooker came up with really sensitive film that, in both its black-and-white and color-reproducing forms, responded accurately to color shadings, and it was nine years before

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flash bulbs went on the market. Both of these contributions greatly simplified indoor photography. In addition, advertisers in those days had not tumbled to the extensive possibilities for fakery in photography, a commercial necessity that today is more delicately described as "controlling one's medium." By controlling his medium, Sarra can photograph a car in January on East Fifty-sixth Street, scare up an old beach-scene negative, do a bit of cutting, pasting, and reshooting, and, without ever leaving the Seventeenth Precinct, produce an ad showing the sponsor's product creating consumer-envy in the tropics. As a matter of fact, a number of automobile advertisers have been known to control their medium even more efficiently by a practice that Sarra scorns: A photograph of the car is split amidships, representation of an extra two feet of fantasy car is airbrushed in between the halves, and the whole is pasted up and rephotographed, so that it turns up in the magazine pages just that much longer and sleeker than life. Such overstatement has always been a standby in advertising, of course, but it took the camera, which to the eye of the innocent cannot tell a lie, to give force to the legerdemain. If anyone wanted such special effects in 1921, there were plenty of good artists available. In fact, all advertising illustration of any quality was done by artists; even though there were a number of first-class photographers around, such as Alfred Stieglitz and Edward Steichen and their colleagues at Stieglitz's "291" gallery, on lower Fifth Avenue, no advertiser with art on his mind ever thought of using them. Photography was considered serviceable only for ads of the catalogue variety—Dress No. 3965, shown with no chiaroscuro nonsense that might conceal the number of buttons in front or the line of the yoke in back. This kind of thing demanded a precision of detail that was downright offensive to most of the serious photographers of the day. Their determination to establish the work they were doing as one of the arts, in confutation of Eastman's film-selling slogan, "You Push the Button—We Do the Rest," had led them to all sorts of lengths, including spitting on their lenses and kicking their camera tripods at the critical moment, in order to produce the misty, groping effects that, thanks to Turner and Whistler, were still widely associated with the art of painting.

When Sarra stepped off the boat in 1921, he was already accomplished in the lens-clouding and camera-kicking school of photography, having put in a year and a half in Milan studying under Rudolfo Namias, a chemist who was also the most prominent photographer in Italy. Sarra's father, the leading blacksmith and mechanic in San Demetrio, had staked him to the course after his graduation from grammar school. His term in Milan completed, he was faced with the question of a job. "Somebody tella me about Henry Ford and five dollars a day," he says. "Naturally, to me the city of Detroit looks like Mecca, so I go, to be rich mechanic." His first stop, however, was the mining town of Monongahela, Pennsylvania, where a cousin of his father was working in the pits of the Three Star Mining Company. Sarra, who had had considerable experience in his father's shop, was taken on as a helper in the blacksmith shack run by the company to keep its machinery in repair, and in less than a month had worked up to fifty-five dollars a week, as shop supervisor. Financially, he had exceeded his goal, but all during the next two years, he felt stirrings of destiny unfulfilled whenever he saw a Model T clatter by. He finally made it to Detroit in the fall of 1923, only to learn that Ford was not hiring anybody just then. Thereupon Sarra had his first important experience with American advertising. He answered an ad inserted in a Detroit paper by a trade school that promised, in slick, glowingly adjectived phrases, to turn anyone into an automobile mechanic, with diploma, in six months. Sarra, who then had a hundred and fifty dollars to his name, handed over a hundred and forty of it as tuition.

"How can I be sure you're a millionaire?"

A couple of weeks later, he once more presented himself at the Ford hiring office, to call attention to his academic status as an added qualification for a job. The employment interviewer regretfully informed him that his professors were a shyster crew and that his degree would be nothing more than a scrap of paper. This experience, and the shysters' subsequent offer to beat him to within an eyelash of his life if he tried to get his money back, soured Sarra for good on a career in heavy industry, though not, obviously, on the advertising business.

In poor financial shape, the thwarted U.A.W. member took a bus to downtown

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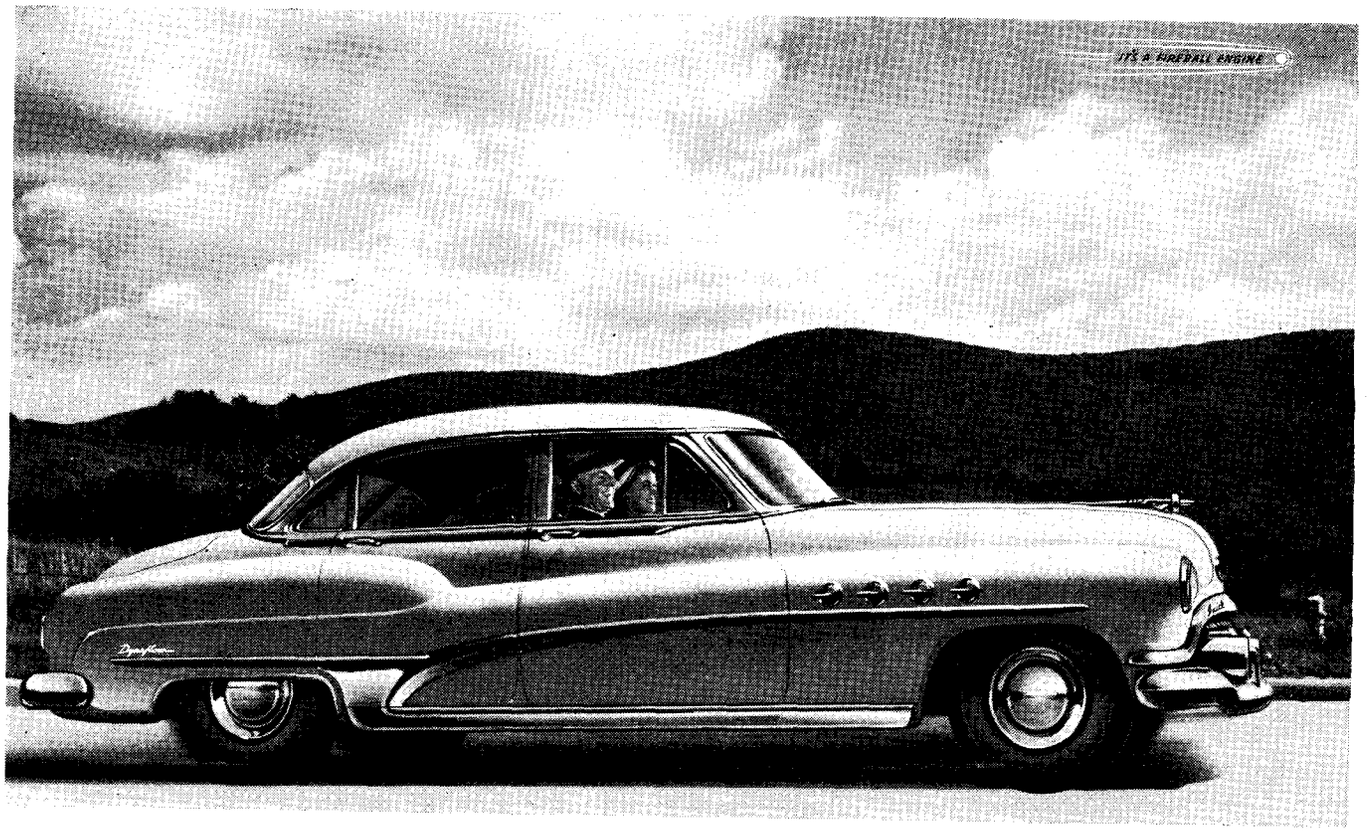

You never tried a fine car like This One

YOU'VE a right to set your sights higher when you buy a fine car.

You can rightly expect more room—more comfort—more performance—and a lordly smoothness in the way it carries you.

So we present these facts:

You'll find, in a ROADMASTER, *more usable room than you'll find in any other six-passenger car in America.*

You'll find the extra comfort of double-depth Foamtex cushions in ROADMASTER *only.*

You'll find that the ROADMASTER *has a high-compression, valve-in-head power plant that is also exclusively Buick's—a mighty Fireball Engine endowed with more performance than most owners will ever need.*

And you'll find ROADMASTER *rolls with unsurpassed levelness and poise, thanks to coil springs on all four wheels—which is still another feature found on no other car in the fine-car field.*

But the thrill that is yours, when you get this willing beauty out on the open road, is something that can't be summed up in any listing of features, one by one.

It's a "feel" which, we honestly believe, no other car can approach. It's the sure way this dazzling performer holds the road—the way it responds to your slightest wish—the quick answer you get when you nudge the throttle—the extra security you feel in the velvet grip of the brakes—the complete freedom from tension you find in Dynaflow Drive—the sense of mastery that makes every mile a joy.

And, confidentially, there's one more important way in which ROADMASTER stands alone, and that is in the modest cost of its pounds and performance.

Better come in soon and check for yourself what a great car and a great buy this one really is.

Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice.

ROADMASTER
Custom Built by Buick

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

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BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

Detroit and got a job helping handle the Christmas rush at a small portrait-photography studio. He quit after New Year's, and went to work a few weeks later for Lee Redman, who he had decided was the best photographer in town. He stayed with Redman four years and ultimately attained a salary of seventy-five dollars a week, taking portraits and covering wedding receptions and bar mizvahs, all the time cajoling the desirable great big smiles out of posing customers by day and retouching their wrinkles by night. In his off hours, he went back to kicking his camera on street corners and in his one-room apartment, and entered the fashionably fuzzy results in contests in the local newspapers, where they invariably won the five-dollar first prize. Some of these pictures, such as "Industry"—a few smokestacks dimly perceived through what seems to be several thicknesses of cheesecloth—and a number of portraits of his poetic-looking friends, seen through a lens darkly, he dispatched out of town for the judgment of more advanced critics. The returns soon began to accrue, in the form of medals from photographic salons here and in Europe, and Sarra's pictures eventually appeared on the covers of the *American Annual of Photography*, *Camera*, *Photo-Era*, *La Photo pour Tous*, *Progresso Fotografico*, *Il Corriere Fotografico*, *Der Satrap*, *Blätter für Freunde der Lichtbildkunst*, and the *Photographic Journal* of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, which in 1927 made him its youngest Associate.

With the acquisition of his A.R.P.S. certificate, Sarra pulled up stakes in Detroit and made his way to the art capital of the nation, New York. He discovered in no time that, from the standpoint of earning a living, his certificate was merely another scrap of paper, and he was soon back taking pictures of weddings and bar mizvahs, for the Marceau Studios, and, later, theatrical photographs for the White Studio, for whom he once photographed in one afternoon sixty almost naked ladies, seriatim, as exploitation material for "George White's Scandals." In his spare time, he kept on photographing other models, with their clothes on, for salon exhibition here and abroad, and in 1929 was given a show at the New York Camera Club. Steichen, a member of the club, was impressed, and when he discovered that Sarra was looking for a better job, he sent him around with his portfolio to see Lejaren 'a. Hiller, at Underwood & Underwood. Hiller took him on.

IN 1929, advertising photography had made such progress that it was on its way to becoming an industry. This metamorphosis was due not only to more sensitive equipment but to the efforts of Sarra's two patrons, Steichen and Hiller, who, in the early days of the century, had worked side by side in the art department of the American Lithographing Company, in Milwaukee. By 1921, Steichen had grown weary of the esoteric labors of the salon artist and was in revolt against the fuzzy print. He spent a full year in a studio in Voulangis, near Paris, photographing the lights and shadows on a single cup and saucer with the smallest possible stop on his camera lens, and shortly after he returned to this country, in 1923, went to work for J. Walter Thompson, turning his now keen-eyed camera on still-lifes composed of Cannon towels, Dunhill lighters, or bottles of Jergens Lotion, and on the faces of ladies who, for a price, were willing to say they used Pond's Vanishing Cream. He brought to the trade an artistic imagination and an acknowledged supremacy in technique; he also brought prestige, based both on his lofty position as an art photographer and on the fact that in a world at least as responsive as any other to the language of money, his rates for his striking still-lifes and portraits were as much as a hundred times more than the traffic had been asked to bear in the catalogue-picture days.

Hiller's case was entirely different. He had started work as an advertising photographer—the catalogue-picture kind of thing—but his primary and most lucrative line of endeavor was illustrating with his camera the fiction pages of such publications as *Cosmopolitan*, the *American Magazine*, and Munsey's detective magazines. In the early nineteen-twenties, however, photographic illustration fell out of favor, and in 1925 Hiller went over to Underwood & Underwood as chief photographer in the advertising side of the firm. A former painter, he used his retouching brush to an extent that occasionally raised the question of whether the result was more a painting than a photograph but that once and for all established photography's ability to control its medium. Hiller's technical and com-

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positional skill was comparatively slight; lumps of sugar in his ads were never in danger of reminding anybody, as Steichen's once reminded a colleague, of "cubes of destiny." "Truth is, he wouldn't even turn a camera on lousy cubes of destiny, could he help," Sarra says. "Instead, he try to persuade client to do history of sugar, showing roomfuls of goddam naked women taking bath in it, sixth century, B.C. He was first fellow to want to advertise suit of clothes without showing suit of clothes." Hiller's adeptness at dramatic illustration, based on years of devising photographs to match sentences like "As the great beast lunged closer, I tried to scream," is regarded by many as the most important single influence in modern advertising photography. By the time Sarra went to work for Underwood & Underwood, Hiller-photographed doctors, churning through blizzards to the house at the end of the lane, were busy selling spark-plugs; sick children being treated with mustard plasters at midnight turned out to be drumming up trade for light-bulb manufacturers; and casket makers and insurance companies had begun, with carefully arranged models, to plumb the full, vulnerable depths of human insecurity. Sarra, who had never done any advertising photography, observed Hiller carefully. "Tell you truth, I never took my eyes off that fellow for a year," he says. He greatly simplified his surveillance problem a few weeks after taking his new job by moving into an apartment on the top floor of the house on West Twenty-eighth Street where Hiller lived (and where, retired, he lives today). In this amiable, disorganized, camera-cluttered ménage, Sarra made rapid progress. Within a couple of months after being signed on at Underwood & Underwood, he had worked up to full photographer's status and was as busy as Hiller and as deeply committed to dramatic action, photographing, for example, a group of Brooks-costumed bedouins brewing mocha around a campfire in the cause of FineArt Coffee ("Hot as Hell . . . Black as Night . . . Sweet as a Woman"), helping advertise a midtown apartment house by showing the desperate faces of subway riders on their way to the outer boroughs, and giving Lifebuoy slackers the full Euripidean treatment. "I was very lucky fellow, no maybe about it," Sarra says. "I was already lousy with technique, like Steichen, who got no illustrating talent, and now I learn illustrating from Hiller, who got no technique."

After a little more than a year with

THE A&F Co. GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

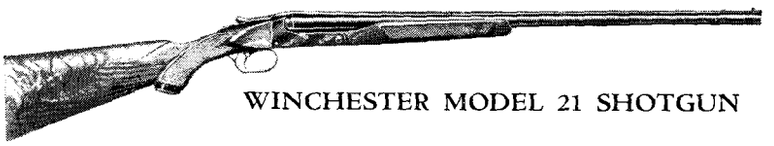
Men in our Gun Room

They come to buy a gun, some ammunition or just to stroll around and look at the guns. To them, a fine gun is a work of art—a picture that never loses its appeal.

Owning good guns is almost as important to them as shooting.

We have a wealth of choice in guns and rifles. The brand-new favorites are here—Winchester, Remington, L. C. Smith, Ithaca, Savage, Fox, Griffin & Howe . . . and fine imported guns from Francotte, Boss, Holland & Holland, Westley Richards, Greener, Beretta, Purdey and other good makers.

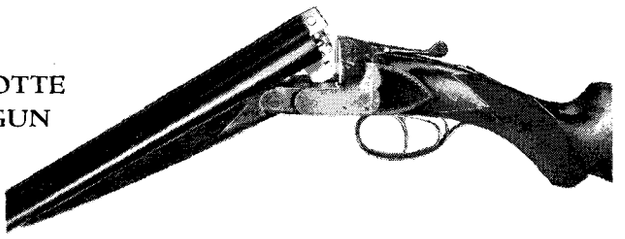
You are welcome in our Gun Room whether you come to buy, to look at the finest collection of sporting guns or to get advice or information from our experts.



WINCHESTER MODEL 21 SHOTGUN

An outstanding American-made shotgun noted for its dependability, workmanship and balance. Factory tested with excessive load proof charges.
Standard Grade. 12 to 20 gauge in various barrel lengths and borings . $329.20
Deluxe Model . . . . $419.30 *Skeet Model* $344.75

FRANCOTTE SHOTGUN



In durability and beautiful balance these guns are in a class by themselves. Hand made by Auguste Francotte et Cie. of Belgium.
Grade 14. 12 to 410 gauge in barrel length from 26″ to 30″ . . . $550.00
Other models from . . . . . $675.00 to $950.00

Send for our catalog on hunting and cold weather wear.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE 9 NORTH WABASH

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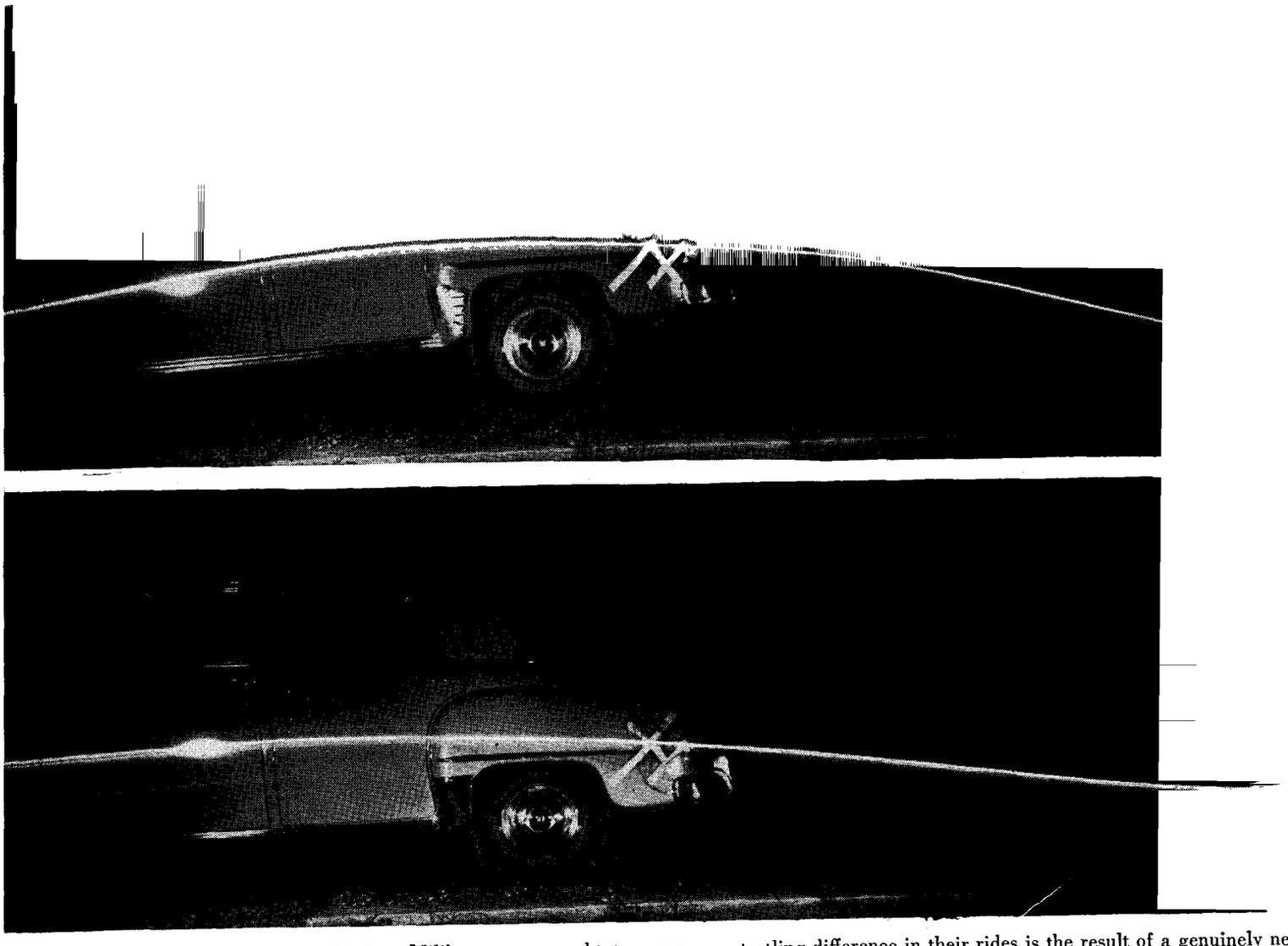
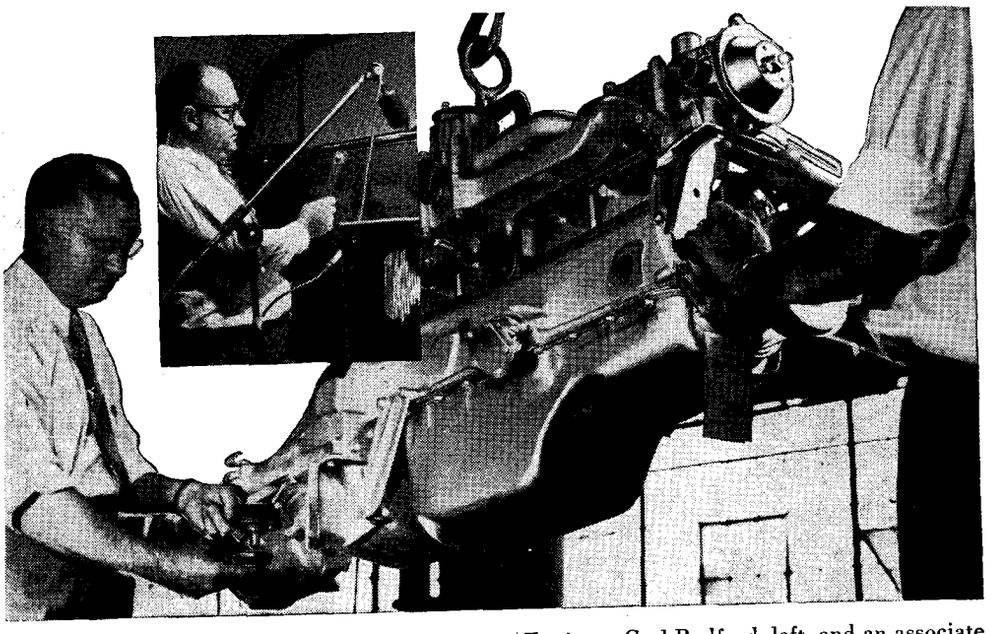


NEW KIND OF SHOCK ABSORBER. Mili's camera caught two cars taking the same tough test bumps at the same speed, with lights attached to trace their line of ride. The 1950 Plymouth in the upper picture has ordinary shock absorbers, the 1951 Plymouth in the lower picture has new Oriflow Shock Absorbers. The startling difference in their rides is the result of a genuinely new shock absorber which makes entirely new use of hydraulic principles to give 2½ times the cushioning effect of previous types. Oriflow Shock Absorbers add new comfort and safety to your ride, prove again that *you get the good new things in Chrysler-built cars*



STEPS TO A SMOOTHER, QUIETER RIDE. Engineer Carl Redford, left, and an associate point out the secret of Chrysler Corporation's smooth, silent *Floating Power*. You see two of the three thick rubber "sandwiches" that support this powerful De Soto engine at its points of natural balance, high in front, low in back.

(*Inset*) Engineer H. R. Smith "auditions" the door of a Chrysler New Yorker. Laboratory recordings are made of most other car parts, too, to find the most effective sound-insulating materials for Chrysler-built cars. Final selections of fibers, liquids and rubber are made from sensitive recordings of road tests.

WANTED: ORNERY ROADS. Chrysler Corporation test drivers track down the meanest stretches of road they can find to make sure their cars give smoother rides under all conditions. This new Dodge is being paced over a wicked "roller-coaster" road. Pothole roads also help measure riding comfort under extreme conditions, insure smoother performance in all Chrysler-built cars.

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CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S

NEW SHOCK ABSORBER HELPS GIVE THE SMOOTHEST, SAFEST RIDE IN AUTOMOTIVE HISTORY

Engineers and test drivers team up to build a new kind of ride into Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars

Gjon Mili, famed magazine photographer, turns his talented camera backstage at Chrysler Corporation to picture the story behind the sensational new kind of ride you get in the new Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars.

America's cars are vital to her way of life. Here Gjon Mili shows how these cars are made by a company that today is helping to strengthen this nation's security in still another way—by filling important defense assignments.

HE TAMES LIVE WEIGHTS. On this rack, suspension engineer R. R. Peterson shows how distribution of weights affects springing action. Oriflow Shock Absorbers are only one of the reasons for the new, smoother, safer ride built into Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars. Super-tough springs must pit their strength against the weight of the car and the jolts of the road, must work with shock absorbers to absorb both large and small bumps. In Chrysler Corporation cars, these springing systems are scientifically synchronized to cushion the smoothest automobile ride you have ever had.

COMFORT GETS TRIED ON FOR SIZE. Chrysler Corporation car plans are put to many practical tests. Here a Chrysler seat is being checked for comfort and visibility by draftsman L. Buccallato and engineer Vincent Buck. In addition to Chair-Height seats, Chrysler-built cars feature larger windows, slender corner pillars, wider doors, welcoming roominess all around. These are important safety factors, too: a comfortable, relaxed ride is a *safe* ride.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

engineers and builds PLYMOUTH, DODGE, DE SOTO, CHRYSLER CARS & DODGE TRUCKS

Chrysler Marine & Industrial Engines • **Oilite** Powdered Metal Products • **Mopar** Parts & Accessories • **Airtemp** Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration • **Cycleweld**

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Note the Coat Dress,

its clean-cut, smooth, curvy lines typical of this season. Made of washable, sanforized Lanella wool-and-Egyptian cotton, a featherweight on. In navy checked with red or vice versa. Sizes 10 to 20, 35.00. Sportswear Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · BEVERLY HILLS · DETROIT

Hiller, Sarra was sent to Chicago by Underwood & Underwood as chief photographer in their office there. One morning as he came bowling in the door of the studio, he noticed the receptionist writing down the time of his arrival. "This make me sore," he recently told a friend. "What if I stay to midnight? Nobody even there to write down time. Summamabitch!" Outraged, he stomped out of the building and never went back. Sarra, Inc., which keeps no time sheets, was organized in Chicago eighteen months later, in November, 1932, with a capital of six thousand dollars of Sarra's savings and a staff consisting of one darkroom boy and one secretary. The company made money from the first week.

One factor that helped the new outfit maintain its solvency was Sarra's reputation as a man interested in turning out photographs in color. Namias, his old professor in Milan, had been a color expert, and Sarra had spent the year and a half between his Underwood & Underwood days and the launching of Sarra, Inc., working for Fred Plumer, Inc., a Chicago art service anxious to experiment with color photography, and in brief partnership with Fidelis Harrer, another color-minded photographer. In March, 1932, one of Sarra's dramatic-action color photographs appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* as an ad for Johnson's Wax—possibly the first full-page dramatic-action advertising photograph in color ever published. Since about sixty-five per cent of all advertising pictures are now in color, he had clearly established himself in the forefront of what became a real revolutionary movement. Color in photography was, of course, nothing revolutionary in itself. The optical theory behind it had been set forth in 1802 by an Englishman named Thomas Young, and the first practical application of it had been brought off by a Frenchman named Ducos du Hauron in 1862. The main drawbacks to color photography were that, up to the time Dr. Brooker rectified matters, film was chromatically inaccurate, being oversensitive to blue and not picking up red at all, and that the filters then in use required either a very long exposure or a staggering amount of light. The latter was usually provided by powdered magnesium, and Hiller recalls doing one magazine cover on the roof of his studio, during the First World War, for which he ignited a pound of the stuff. The explosion rattled windows up and down the block, and he saved his camera from going over the roof cornice only by grabbing one tripod leg as it soared past his head. Brooker's panchromatic film, along with the flash bulb, took care of most of the major ailments of color—and all other—photography, but developing and printing were an expensive hand process until 1935, when Eastman put Kodachrome, which the company could process on a mass basis, on the market. After that, commercial color photography became a breeze. Sarra has not only taken advantage of each development in color photography but has tried to keep a stride ahead in a laboratory he has installed at one end of his studio. His *Who's Who* listing contains the phrase "Considered foremost exponent of three-color photography and all phases of photographic printing," a statement with which the Eastman people apparently concur, since they solicit his opinion on much of their experimental film, employ him to photograph many of their own ads, and last year hired him to take the color photographs from which the immense transparencies—eighteen by sixty feet—that make up their billboard on the east balcony of Grand Central station were enlarged.

Three and a half years after Sarra had set up in business for himself, he paid forty-five thousand dollars for the old Marshall Field house on East Ontario Street, in Chicago, and turned it into a studio. A staff of forty, including four photographers, works in the remodelled Victorian monstrosity, but since 1939 Sarra's headquarters have been in New York. In addition, since 1943, he has maintained a small sales outpost in Hollywood. He travels to Chicago twice a month and goes on to the Coast eight times a year. The Chicago branch accounts for about half the company's gross, some sixty-five per cent of the Midwestern contribution coming from the sale of commercial projection slides and documentaries—training films such as "You and Sears," which is used to explain Sears, Roebuck to new employees, and "How to Sell a Vacuum Cleaner," which is self-explanatory. The balance of the production in Chicago, and practically all the work done in New York, consists of photo illustration, as pictures for magazine or newspaper ads are called in the trade, and television commercials. By 1945, Sarra had decided that television could not

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sensibly be ignored any longer. Hiring a crew of technicians, he began experimenting with commercials on motion-picture film. To date, he is several hundred thousand dollars behind on the deal, but the studio turned out nearly a third of a million dollars' worth of television films last year, and is one of the biggest operators in the new craft. The average television commercial, lasting eight seconds to two minutes, takes six weeks to produce and may cost a client anywhere from eighteen hundred to fifteen thousand dollars. During the last year, Sarra's television department, a twenty-by-thirty-foot cubicle in his studio, has done animated ads for Minute Rice, Beech-Nut Gum, Jell-O, four kinds of automobile, five varieties of beer, and two brands of cigarette, one of them being Lucky Strike, for which, three years ago, Sarra and his staff worked out the first marching-cigarette commercial.

SARRA's New York studio occupies the second, third, and fourth floors of a five-story building at 200 East Fifty-sixth Street. The décor is unpretentious and cluttered. The second floor is partitioned into small offices, darkrooms, and laboratories; the third and fourth floors make up one enormous two-story studio, seventy-five by seventy-five feet, around two sides of which runs a balcony. The floor area of the main studio has been reduced a third by the encroachment of the television department and of a fully-equipped kitchen, where representatives of General Mills, General Foods, and some of the women's magazines occasionally cook up meringues, ragouts, or apple pandowdies for translation to Kodachrome. Sarra himself has only the barest interest in such still-life work and turns most of it over to Stanley Johnson or David Fletcher, his two assistant photographers in New York. Johnson and Fletcher also do most of the company's fashion photographs, which Sarra dislikes doing on principle. "For fashion, they insist on nothing but models with t.b.," he says. "I got no shame in admitting to be admirer of healthy women." A personal job by Sarra is nearly always specified, however, when child models are involved. Sarra, a bachelor, long ago established a reputation for knowing how to handle these fearful but commercially indispensable commodities. "To do kid pictures," Sarra always advises aspiring young photographers, "you got to like them, you got to become a child for them, and if they give you hard time, you got to

TATTERSALL
. . . IN VIYELLA
The one-and-only Viyella flannel, (wool and cotton) Tattersall-checked in the patterns Stearns selected in England. Soft, long-wearing, absolutely washable! "If it shrinks, we replace it." Lovingly tailored along the perfectionist's lines you expect in Stearns' Town and Country Fashions. Eight color combinations. Sizes 30 to 40. $10.95. Solid colors 8.95.
R.H. STEARNS CO.
BOSTON
CHESTNUT HILL

JEWELRY DESIGNS
IN STERLING SILVER
New fashions in sterling silver
for back to school gift giving.
Thumb print belt buckle, $14.50 Matching cuff links, pr. $14.50
(Not illustrated: Matching tie bar, $8.50)
Twisted rope bracelet . . $13.50 Clover disc $5.00
Shown Actual Size. Federal Tax Included
Mail Orders Promptly Filled by Jean Tree
BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44 St.
Eves. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

R & H

Presented in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
ROGER RICO
MARTHA WRIGHT
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer
Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK • DIOSA COSTELLO
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC, West 44 St.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Carol Channing's Lorelei Lee is the most fabulous comic creation of this generation."
—BROOKS ATKINSON, Times

CAROL CHANNING
In The Musical Comedy Smash
GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES
ZIEGFELD THEA., 54 St. & 6 Ave.
AIR-COND. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

"A lusty comedy"—ATKINSON, Times

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
The ROSE TATTOO
A new play by
Tennessee Williams
Directed by DANIEL MANN
with MAUREEN STAPLETON ELI WALLACH
Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Air-Cond.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

give *them* hard time, and good spanking when picture is over. Next time you got no trouble then."

In spite of this irreverent attitude toward their little breadwinners, several dozen mothers turn up at the Sarra studio each week to have him inspect their children, with the hope that he will add their names to his ten-to-fifteen-dollars-an-hour casting list. Sarra keeps a file of fifteen hundred photographs of models, classified by sex and by age group. Female models aged twenty-four to twenty-eight, for example, go into the "Young Mothers" section; those twenty-eight to thirty-two are labelled "Older Mothers," and any woman model over thirty-two is a "Matron" until she passes sixty-five and qualifies for the "Grandmothers" section. On one recent afternoon, Sarra tested twenty-seven babies of under six months before he found the one he wanted for a Pet Milk television commercial, and on another occasion, in Chicago, when the file failed him, he persuaded a taxi-driver to leave his stand on Michigan Avenue and pose as Pope Innocent VIII in an ad for Abbott Laboratories. The model system broke down completely during the Calvert's Men of Distinction series, which was started in 1943 with anonymous but august-looking models. Shortly after the series got under way, some sharp-eyed fellow discovered one of Sarra's Men of Distinction modelling underwear in a Montgomery Ward catalogue, which caused Calvert's hastily to switch to genuine Men of Distinction—or, at least, to men who would let themselves be so identified in return for three hundred dollars to their favorite charity and a case of Calvert's for themselves. During the next six years, Sarra not only took fifty-six such pictures but had to scare up the majority of the thirsty gentlemen. "I do not know should I admit this, but most of my friends are not men-of-distinction type," he said the other day. After inducing all of his few suitable acquaintances, as well as several people he met at parties, to strike the required pose, he and most of his staff took to stalking the aisles of expensive restaurants in search of appropriately high-class faces. One promising candidate who was approached at a steak house on West Forty-fifth Street received the suggestion politely, but said that before he could accept he would have to call a meeting of his fellow-directors of National Distillers, makers of Old Grand-Dad. *That* month, Sarra got into his best clothes, drew up a chair and a glass, called in Stanley Johnson, and was the Man of Distinction himself.

On a working day, Sarra's main studio reflects much of the rambunctiousness of its proprietor. One afternoon a couple of weeks ago, Johnson was focussing two of the eighteen still cameras in the room on a man and a girl as they sat, not quite leering at each other, on a Simmons Hide-A-Bed; at the other end of the room, Sarra *was* leering as he took a slight upward hitch in the skirt of a notably untubercular young woman who was leaning back under the lights in a chair equipped with a Goodyear Airfoam cushion. "T'ing is, I like to see more of you, Rosemary," said Sarra, poking her gustily in the ribs. In a corner of the room, an assistant was aiming lights and a camera at a plateful of Fig Newtons, getting it ready for Johnson's later attention. From a room off the balcony came the whir of a movie projector as another member of the staff edited a Pet Milk television commercial, and from inside the television cubicle occasional unminced oaths could be heard as three more Sarra men wrestled with a giant motion-picture camera in an effort to point it squarely at a fourteen-cent package of Minute Rice. In the main part of the studio, sitting around in folding chairs, were several representatives of the advertising agencies involved in the day's proceedings. Such representatives are nearly always on hand when work is in progress to make friendly suggestions and be sure that the picture doesn't violate any of the client's particular taboos. (Until recently, in 7-Up ads, for instance, no slackers were permitted—there could never be less than one bottle showing per person. And, according to advertising protocol, no women may ever appear in a hard-liquor ad; once, when unchaperoned, Sarra sneaked a lady's glove onto a table in a full-page photograph for Mount Vernon and had to reshoot from scratch.) The agency observers the other afternoon each held in one hand a highball, provided by Sarra, and in the other a layout—a cardboard-backed sketch from their respective art departments—to which the photographer was expected to conform. "Sarra always adds something special of his own to the layouts, though," said a blond lady named Babs Lee, who was there from Young & Rubicam to oversee the Simmons job. "I remember once when he was doing a fashion photograph for us, I came over to find the model's legs packed in dry ice. Vapor steaming up around her, you know—terribly dreamy idea." "Stop looking so beautiful, baby!" Sarra shout-

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N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
GUYS & DOLLS
A MUSICAL FABLE of BROADWAY
Starring
ROBERT MARTHA SAM ISABEL
ALDA·STEWART·LEVENE·BIGLEY
with PAT ROONEY, Sr.
Evenings: $6.60, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Matinees Wed. & Sat.: $3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20 (Tax Included)
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
46th ST. THEATRE, West of Broadway
AIR-CONDITIONED

ALDRICH & MYERS with Julius Fleischmann, present
OTTO PREMINGER'S PRODUCTION
"NOTHING BUT FUN" —CHAPMAN, NEWS
"THE MOON IS BLUE"
A New Comedy by F. HUGH HERBERT
NEW YORK — HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE
starring BARBARA BEL GEDDES • DONALD COOK • BARRY NELSON
CHICAGO — HARRIS THEATRE
with LEON AMES • MAGGIE McNAMARA • MURRAY HAMILTON

"A vastly enjoyable musical comedy—Lavish and uproarious."—Atkinson, Times
SHIRLEY BOOTH
JOHNNY JOHNSTON
in
A Tree Grows In Brooklyn
Air-Cond.
ALVIN THEA., W. 52 St.—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

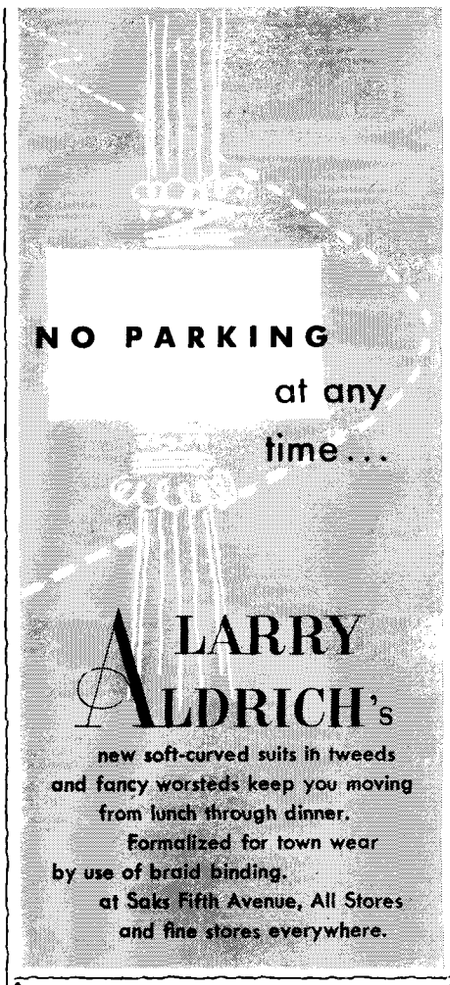
Leland Hayward presents

Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
Air Conditioned IMPERIAL 255 W. 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

STALAG 17
"IMMENSELY FUNNY!" — COLEMAN, Mirror
AIR-CONDITIONED
48th ST. THEA., E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ed at the Airfoam-cushion model. "Remember, we got to do our work around here. And remember that's real Airfoam you sitting on. Point your fingers down at it, honey. Point your fingers down *unconsciencely*." "You see, the thing about Sarra is that he has a soul," said Mrs. Lee in frank admiration, "and he brings out the soul in his models."

SARRA lives alone in a four-room apartment on East Fifty-fifth Street, where he has a river view and a large collection of symphonic records. (His one venture into marriage, in 1934, was of almost imperceptible duration.) The apartment has recently been redecorated and is now rather posh, but a few years ago the spare bedroom and most of the corners of the other rooms were littered with boxes of tanbark, bags of peat moss, and orchid plants in various stages of development. Sarra bought his first orchid plant, for five dollars, on an impulse one morning in 1943, in Miami, where he was taking some pictures for Mack Trucks. A few weeks later, as John Lager, a Summit, New Jersey, commercial orchid grower (and Man of Distinction for September, 1945), remembers it, "Sarra came charging into my office with a model in a sable coat on one arm and a very sick *Cattleya trianei* under the other." Lager prescribed new osmunda fibre in the compost for the invalid, and on the way out Sarra bought half a dozen more plants to keep it company. By mid-1945, his collection had grown to about a hundred orchids, and he moved it from East Fifty-fifth Street to one of Lager's greenhouses. Three years ago, his collection bursting at the seams again, he transferred his three thousand orchid plants to a larger greenhouse he rented from the Kiesewetter commercial nursery, in Roslyn. He now has several thousand seedlings and around five thousand plants, chiefly of the orange and yellow varieties, some of which he is growing successfully in chemically treated gravel. He spends most weekends in the greenhouse, and about three mornings a week he rises at five, drives his Buick Roadmaster to Long Island, grubs around for two hours, and is in the studio by nine-thirty. Sarra is a trustee of the American Orchid Society, and in the last three years his flowers have won four Awards of Merit and half a dozen first prizes in the International Flower Shows at Grand Central Palace. Last fall, his *Laeliocattleya*, Trail's End, var. Majestic, took the only First-Class Certificate awarded at the annual



WORLD PREMIERE
SUTTON Theatre
East 57th St. • PL 9-1411
SEPT. 5TH, 8:30 P. M.
Gian-Carlo Menotti's
The Medium
Starring Marie Powers with Leo Coleman
and introducing Anna Maria Alberghetti
Directed and written by Gian-Carlo Menotti

NEW YORK'S CELEBRATED CHINESE RESTAURANT
Luncheon Dinner
a la Carte
HOUSE OF CHAN
7th AVENUE cor. 52nd STREET

FISHERMEN'S NET
"HOME OF SEAFOOD DELICACIES"
AIR COND. Nicholas G. Chroneon, Dir.
493 THIRD AVE. NEW YORK MU 4-8911

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Schweppes

1

HOW TO MAKE GIN-AND-TONIC

Dilute a tot of gin with Schweppes famous Quinine Water, then add a slice of lemon and some ice.

Don't make the ghastly mistake of trying to make gin-and-tonic without the original Schweppes, imported from London. Honest to goodness, Schweppes makes a *fantastic* difference to the flavor.

HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING CO., INC.
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

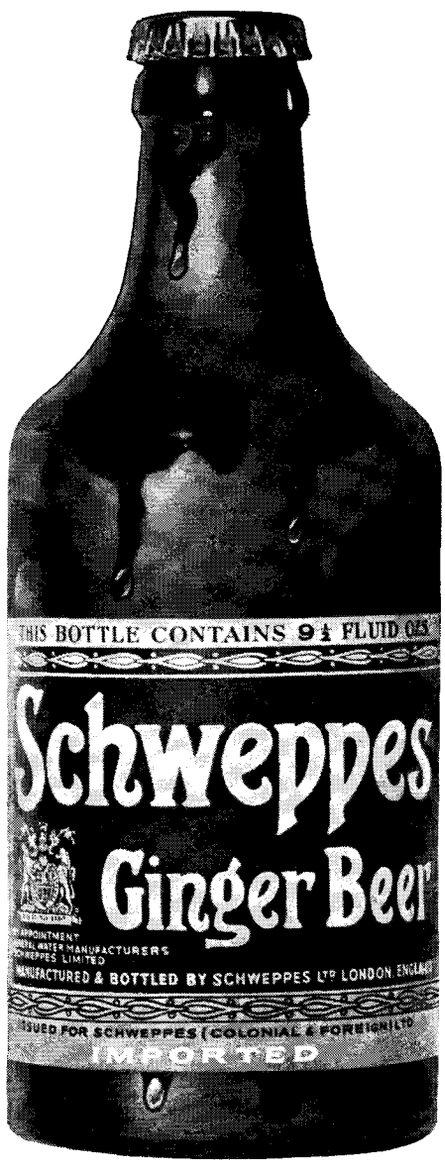
autumn exhibition of the New York Horticultural Society. Lager estimates that if Sarra were interested in selling his collection—as he is not—it might go for around fifty thousand dollars. A couple of months ago, Sarra was able to combine business and pleasure to a gratifying degree when he did a double-page four-color ad for General Motors that showed five of his prize-winning orchids, labelled, respectively, Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac.

FEW advertising people can discuss the question of art in advertising without going on the defensive, pointing out that, after all, Michelangelo was working on space rates, too. Even Steichen, when he was employed by J. Walter Thompson, made the pronouncement that "there has never been a period when the best art we had was not commercial." Sarra is of much the same mind. "Those art pictures for art's sake are easiest t'ing in the world to do," he says. "Hungry kids, gaunt old faces, wrinkles—who can't get fine picture from wrinkles? But to take a television set, and father and mother smiling at little girl, and dog coming out of television set, and little girl trying to give television dog a dog biscuit, for slogan 'G.E. Makes You Feel It's Real!,' and have it come out like anything anybody want to look at—that is really tough job. When I get through with that, I could do wrinkles easy, but for me is better sense to raise orchids." A few weeks ago, Sarra was spending the evening at the home of an advertising friend, along with Steichen, who, since he became Director of the Department of Photography of the Museum of Modern Art, where there is many a hungry kid and wrinkle committed to paper, may have had occasion to regret his J. Walter Thompson dictum. Dinner was over and the three men were in the living room. "Now, Sarra," said Steichen, "as you well know, you can make as fine photographs as anybody alive. How soon are you going to spend at least twenty-five per cent of your time doing pictures that deserve a better fate than selling Corn Flakes?" There was no answer. It was half-past nine, and Sarra, who had been up at five to fuss with his orchids, had slid from his chair to the floor and was sleeping soundly. —ANDY LOGAN

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK
[*Headline in the Times*]
4 WALK AWAY AFTER 2 PLANES CRASH 1400 FEET UP

Schweppes


THIS BOTTLE CONTAINS 9½ FLUID OZS
Schweppes
Ginger Beer
MANUFACTURED & BOTTLED BY SCHWEPPES LTD LONDON, ENGLAND
ISSUED FOR SCHWEPPES (COLONIAL & FOREIGN) LTD
IMPORTED

2

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

The big difference between Schweppes Ginger Beer and ordinary ginger ale is this: Schweppes Ginger Beer has much more body and contains more of that real *ginger* flavor.

Schweppes Ginger Beer is probably the strongest, and certainly the most distinguished, soft drink you can buy.

HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING CO., INC.
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

What's Going On Here?

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ, the author-director of "All About Eve," has come along with a new author-directed product, "People Will Talk," and this time I am afraid he has come a cropper. "People Will Talk" is compounded of as many divergent elements as the French National Assembly, and makes just about as much sense. At times, Mr. Mankiewicz seems chiefly interested in getting off a strong plea for a more humane approach on the part of doctors toward their patients. His protagonist, Dr. Noah Praetorius (Cary Grant), keeps repeating, with an earnest sense of discovery that is often quite pathetic, that sick people are not just bones and blood vessels, a tibia here and a fibula there, but living, breathing human beings, with hopes and fears. "I consider faith as effective in maintaining life as adrenaline," says this wise young healer, who runs a dazzlingly well-equipped gynecological clinic, through whose wards and rooms he moves with such professional briskness and personal charm, and such a never-failing air of you-can-tell-*me*-everything-dear, that I should think most of his patients would prefer to have their babies born in a taxi or a phone booth. At other times, Mr. Mankiewicz seems to be concentrating on the intricate problem of bastardy. To Dr. Praetorius's clinic comes one Deborah Higgins (Jeanne Crain), who, upon submitting herself to the frog test and being pronounced pregnant, announces that she is unmarried and that the father of her unborn child, a service man, is no longer alive. Dr. Praetorius falls in love with her and marries her, and, saint that he is, tells her not to worry about her condition, since it can only result in a little bundle of joy who will ultimately serve as a happy playmate for their own kiddies. At still other times, Mr. M. seems to be using "People Will Talk" as a means of expressing his sincere indignation at all forms of ignorance, cant, and hypocrisy, including tax evasion, academic stuffiness, and character assassination. And at still other times—and these turn out to be the best times—it seems as though Mr. M. merely wanted to produce a witty film, without significance or uplift. As a result, there are a good many fleeting moments when some extremely funny things are said and done.

The major burden of this complex affair falls, of course, upon Mr. Grant and Miss Crain, and I have a feeling that it is too much for them. As Dr. Praetorius, Mr. Grant is alternately serious and lighthearted, fully aware of the genius-type character he is portraying (in addition to possessing medical skill, the doctor is a remarkable hand at operating toy electric trains and is an enthusiastic conductor of an amateur symphony orchestra), but he seems to share my bewilderment at some of the situations in which he finds himself. Miss Crain looks pretty and speaks her lines clearly, but her performance is not acting in the traditional sense of the word. Although Walter Slezak, Sidney Blackmer, and Hume Cronyn are superb in minor parts, Finlay Currie, as the strangest character in the entire enterprise, takes the acting honors. Mr. Currie portrays a man named Shunderson, who is also known as the Bat and who exercises an almost hypnotic effect on snarling dogs. That's all you'll hear from me about Shunderson.

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI has turned his grim two-act opera "The Medium" into a film of the same name, and the result strikes me as being far from satisfactory. For almost two hours, "The Medium" borders on such frantic and almost uncontrollable hysteria that I half expected the people around me to shout "Uncle!" and make for the doors. On the credit side, Marie Powers is back in her old role as the terrifying and terrified Madame Flora, and she is as fine as ever. Anna Maria Alberghetti, an arrestingly beautiful young Italian girl with an equally beautiful voice, gives a memorable performance as Madame Flora's daughter. The fault with the picture lies, I suspect, in Mr. Menotti's direction, which concentrates to the point of suffocation on closeups of wet and trembling lips, tear-stained cheeks, writhing, half-naked bodies, the drippings of candle wax on closed eyelids, and long black whips. Uncle!

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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PARIS, Aug. 11—(AP)—General Dwight D. Eisenhower will fly to Germany tomorrow for a nine day visit during which he will inspect U. S. troops in his allied command and take a brief holiday.

Only male fireflies can fly.—*Richmond (Calif.) Independent.*

Mrs. Eisenhower can.

BONWIT TELLER

PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND

. . . the great name in cashmere sweaters. White on marine green or navy. Wear it with the new full oxford skirt over a stiff petticoat. Sweater 23.95 skirt 18.95 New York Chicago Cleveland Boston White Plains

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

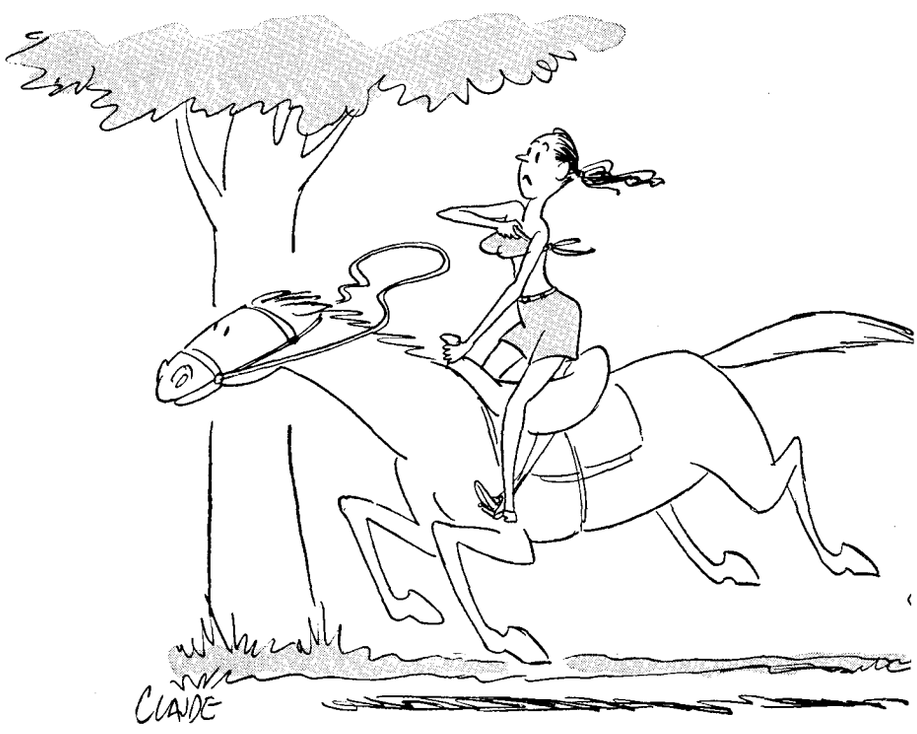
AUGUST 24

IT is twelve days now since Moscow announced that it would attend the Japanese-treaty ceremonies that will get under way in San Francisco on September 4th, and it has taken most of that time for people here to realize how truly mischievous a decision the Kremlin made and how much diplomatic damage the Gromyko mission may be capable of doing. The first reaction was one of mere annoyance—the kind of annoyance a host might feel upon learning that some boorish acquaintances whose delay in answering an invitation had led him to the conclusion that they weren't coming had at the last moment decided to inflict their presence on him and his otherwise well-chosen guests. It was foreseen that Gromyko could, and almost certainly would, destroy the air of conviviality that everyone had expected to predominate, but the atmosphere of the occasion was regarded as something entirely apart from its main business, the conclusion of the treaty, and it was not thought possible that the Russians or anyone else could prevent us and our major Allies from achieving the triumph of coöperation and compromise that it seemed certain a formal state of peace between the Western powers and Japan would represent. If there was any real dismay in the first few days after the Russian announcement, it was quickly alleviated by the State Department, which said that the debating squad it would send to San Francisco was prepared to make things every bit as hot for Gromyko as Gromyko would seek to make them for us, and by the authoritative voice of John Foster Dulles, who has had the largest hand in negotiating the treaty and who last week assured a radio audience that, no matter what temporary disturbances the Russian delegation might succeed in causing, the unalterable state of affairs by September 8th or thereabouts would be that "so many Allies, including the principal contributors to victory, will have signed the treaty that there will be no doubt in any quarter as to either the fact of peace or as to the terms of peace."

There is as yet little tendency to doubt that the outcome will be pretty much as Mr. Dulles stated it. Aside from China, which could not be invited because of differing views as to which Chinese it would be proper to invite, all the "principal contributors to victory" will be in San Francisco, pen in hand. The United Kingdom, France, the Netherlands, and Canada are not altogether satisfied with the document (nor, for that matter, is this government, which sponsored it), but they are almost as eager for a settlement as are the Japanese and we ourselves. Australia, New Zealand, and the Philippines have very grave reservations, but they are reported to be ready to go along as their part in a reasonable and honorable deal that includes defensive alliances with the United States as a guarantee against what they regard as the menace of a rearmed Japan. Since the treaty becomes effective as soon as eight out of a designated fourteen powers have signed it, it is improbable that anything will prevent it from becoming operative sometime next month.

What is now causing so much concern here, though, in spite of Mr. Dulles's eloquent assurances, is the realization that the San Francisco conferences, which were intended to dramatize the power, the high-mindedness, and the genius for compromise of the free nations, may be turned by Gromyko into a demonstration of the precariousness of the anti-Communist coalition and the shakiness of the American position in the Far East. The contention is that it is a mistake to see the atmosphere in which the treaty is ratified as separate from what Mr. Dulles sees as the hard, unalterable fact of peace. The whole object of arranging anything but a unilateral deal with Japan, it is maintained, is to bind the anti-Communist coalition with the cement of mutual respect and good will. If, in September, Gromyko succeeds in persuading any considerable bodies of opinion in the signatory countries, particularly those in the Orient, that their governments have been had, that the spirit of compromise and conciliation the treaty is held to exemplify is only the ugly fruit of fear and venality, then it will be necessary to heavily discount the worth of the signatures. It is pointed out, for example, that even from the unmoral view of American national interest, almost the entire value of involving a state like the Philippine Republic in the treaty is to be measured in moral terms. All that we can possibly hope to gain is a somewhat better standing among the makers of opinion in the Islands. Thus, if any of our moral prestige, which is in very short supply just now, should be lost in the process of dealing the Filipinos into the treaty, the result for us would be a net loss.

It is understood, of course, that San Francisco is not the only place where the Russians can make effective propaganda against the treaty. They have, indeed, been making it throughout Asia and to some extent in Europe ever since January 11th, when Mr. Dulles began his brilliant negotiations. They could have continued to make formidable efforts to wreck the treaty even if they had chosen to keep Gromyko and his associates at home. But the San Francisco Opera House will provide them with their best audience to date, and the timing, it is felt, could hardly be more pro-



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pitious from their point of view. It is assumed here that the coincidence of the treaty conferences and the Kaesong cease-fire talks is all in Gromyko's favor. If the Korean and Chinese negotiators get stiffer in their bargaining—or break off the negotiations altogether—this can plausibly be interpreted by Gromyko, who will be looked upon as the spokesman not only for Moscow but also for Peiping, as a natural and justifiable reaction to the American plan to rearm and garrison Japan and to badger the Orient into joining the American boycott of Communist China. Endless war in Korea, and therefore an endless stoppage of the trade with China on which so many Asiatic nations have traditionally depended, can be pictured by the Russians as the bleak consequences of signing the San Francisco treaty. If, on the other hand, the Communists at Kaesong either agree to a cease-fire before the conferences are over or adopt a more agreeable manner while the conferences are in session, Gromyko will be able to argue that the Communist world is making peace in spite of all the barriers put in its way by the United States and that it could be made much more expeditiously if the Dulles treaty, and the harsh threats of strategic alliances and Japanese rearmament that accompany it, were put aside. This line of argument, which is more or less the one that Peiping has been using all year, has already helped persuade two or three Asiatic nations against signing the treaty, and it is thought quite possible that shrewd use of it could add another country or two to the non-signatory list before the time for signing arrives. More than that, it could make one indispensable signatory, Japan, most unhappy with its lot, for along with the prospect of a swift end to the Korean war there would be the prospect of a resumption of normal Japanese trade with China. A full Japanese boycott of China for the duration of Sino-American hostilities is not one of the terms of the treaty, but it is more or less taken for granted in Washington and Tokyo as one of the prices Japan will pay, and it is a price that pains the Japanese greatly. Those pains can be assuaged only by promises of more American folding money, and this, of course, will do nothing to increase the joy of the other indispensable signatory, the United States.

The chances are, it is believed here, that Moscow and Peiping, which, whether or not they have conflicting interests in some spheres, have a common interest in opposing the Japanese treaty, will in the next couple of weeks manipulate the Kaesong meetings in such a way as to let Gromyko get the maximum advantage from them. (This assumes there will be meetings to manipulate. But it is felt here now, as it has been in every black moment during the negotiations, that the only thing the Communists desire less than the kind of settlement the United Nations proposes is a total breakdown of the attempt to reach a settlement.) When it is advantageous to Gromyko to show the face of Communist toughness and intransigence, that face can be shown. When more is to be gained by a display of patience and reasonableness, then these qualities can be displayed. To be sure, the United States can play at the same game, but the mere fact that it had been forced by the Russians to play any game at all would be damaging to its prestige. Gromyko, who demonstrated at the recent Paris conference of Foreign Ministers' deputies how skillful he can be at making a few simple questions the subject of ceaseless and pointless debate, will almost certainly succeed in upsetting the plans of the State Department for a slick and speedy adoption of the treaty. The procedural arrangements for the conferences, the State Department insists, preclude the possibility of his turning them into the kind of interminable farce the Paris meetings were, but it does not deny that he can prolong them by at least a few days, in the course of which he may stir up enough bad blood to make the moral and psychological value of the treaty and the accompanying alliances open to serious doubt.

DESPITE the mounting apprehension over the Gromyko mission, the principal subject of speculation and controversy here is, and has been for several weeks, the 1952 Presidential campaign. It is easily the commonest topic of Washington table talk; it is the first matter brought up at Presidential press conferences; it is regarded, soundly or otherwise, as the transcendent consideration in all political actions to be taken between now and November of next year. There is nothing unusual in the fact that the campaign has begun to dominate life here fifteen months in advance of the election; presidential campaigns normally become the center of attention at about this stage of the quadrennial cycle. What is surprising to most people is that with four months remaining in the preëlection year the speculation turns on only three men—the President, General Eisenhower, and Senator Taft. As a rule, at this stage there are at least two—and, more often than not,

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three or four—major candidates in each party. But although there has lately been some vague talk about Senator Dirksen, of Illinois, and Governor Warren, of California, as Republican candidates, and about Chief Justice Vinson and Senator Kefauver as possible Democratic nominees, no one at the moment considers any of them as capable of giving any of the three leading prospects real trouble.

The biggest question now, as it has been so often in the past, is what the holder of the office intends to do. There is a strong disposition on the part of the majority of people to take it for granted that the President wants to be a candidate next year. The strength of this feeling is, however, far greater among those who have relatively little to do with the White House than among those—Cabinet members, members of the President's staff, and correspondents assigned to the White House—who see Mr. Truman with fair regularity. In this group, there are almost as many people who think he won't run as there are people who think he will, and there is a sizable middle body that professes complete bafflement. Those who think it likely that he will choose to run defend their case not on the ground that he wants to hang on to the job for another four years but on the ground that he will be pressed into service by Party leaders. It could well be, they say, that he does want the job for his personal satisfaction (it is a dogma of American political science that no man ever gives up the Presidency willingly), but they see no evidence of this. They insist that nothing he has said or done lately has given them any insight into his feelings, and some of them incline to the suspicion that in trying to read his own mind he may be having every bit as difficult a time as those who are trying to read it for him.

In the absence of any real knowledge of what Mr. Truman is thinking—or of any personal experience of what it means to relinquish the kind of power the Presidency represents—there is a tendency to fall back on those known aspects of the President's character that appear to offer clues to the decision he will make. Most of these seem to lead to the conclusion that if he were free to make a choice, he would decide against running. For one thing, it is pointed out, he has always been strongly influenced by the wishes of his family, and his family wishes him not to run. For another, he is a Party regular, and the doctrine of the Party regular is that it is a man's duty to get off the top of the

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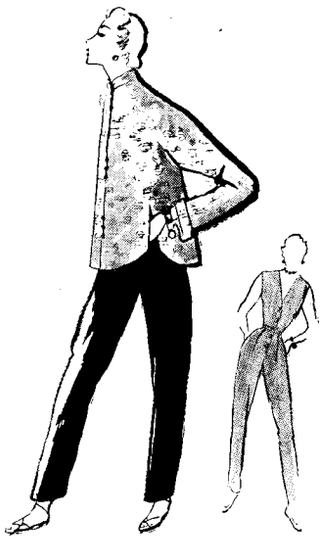

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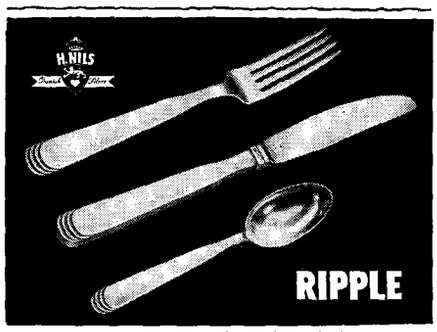

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ladder after he has occupied it for a reasonable period of time. The President is the sort of man who, in spite of his vigorous opposition to the Constitutional amendment limiting a President's service to two terms, would not enjoy being in the position of taking advantage of the exemption that allows him to be the last man in American history to hold the office for more than eight years. Moreover, as a student of American history he knows that the country has generally favored much younger men for the Presidency and he would be uneasy in the knowledge that he was the oldest man ever to hold the job if he lived to complete the term, or even half of it.

But the same doctrines of Party regularity that might lead the President to retire if he were certain the Republicans could be defeated without him would, it is believed, compel him to accept the nomination if he thought it the only sure way of keeping the Democrats in power. The Gallup Poll recently predicted that if Senator Taft got the Republican nomination, he could be defeated by Chief Justice Vinson. This is flattering to the Chief Justice, but there is some doubt here whether the Democrats would have enough confidence in the Gallup Poll to act on it. It is assumed that nothing short of acceptance of the Party's nomination by General Eisenhower would persuade the Democratic leaders that they could get along without the President. (No one here knows whether Eisenhower, who during his years at Columbia identified himself pretty thoroughly with Republican domestic policy, could be induced to run as a Democrat in 1952.) The predictions of the Gallup Poll, it is felt, aren't likely, either, to persuade the people who control the Republican Party in the large Midwestern states to shelve Taft in favor of Eisenhower. Feeling over foreign policy is thought to be so bitter there now that most of them would as soon lose with an isolationist as win with an internationalist. Eisenhower may have lost none of the public favor he was thought to have four years ago, but he has apparently lost a great deal of favor among the Republican leaders, and it is now believed that he would have a hard time getting the Republican nomination unless his backers should organize and put up a stiff fight for it. There is at present no sign that a stiff fight will be made.

However that may be, here in Washington there is an astonishing amount of support for the candidacy of Eisenhower on either ticket. There are people who have no quarrel with Taft's domestic policy but who say they would vote for Eisenhower even if he ran as a Democrat, and there are others well to the left of the President, including some leaders of Americans for Democratic Action, who say they would vote for Eisenhower even if he ran as a Republican. Those at both extremes, and a large number on the broad ground between them, are united by a fear that a victory for either Taft or Truman would lead to abandonment of the foreign policy that in most of its essentials has had the support of both parties for the past four or five years. Under Taft's leadership, they believe, the policy would simply be repealed. Military aid to Europe would probably be retained under the Senator's new theory that European rearmament may be cheaper than American rearmament, but non-military aid to both Europe and Asia would be stopped. The Point 4 program would no longer be even a program. The Europe-first principle would be replaced by the Asia-first principle. Under Truman's continued leadership, it is feared in these same circles, the policy would not be repealed but surrendered bit by bit as it came under heavier and heavier isolationist attack. If, they argue, the piecemeal surrender were to go on at the pace that has been established this summer, in the course of which the administration has given General Franco both the recognition and the subsidies that critics like McCarran and McCarthy have been demanding for years and has budgeted a third of all its aid to Asia for Formosa, it would not take very long for the administration's foreign policy to be indistinguishable from Taft's.

Those who see an Eisenhower administration as a solution to the crisis in leadership do not maintain that the thought fills them with any particular exhilaration. They realize that the pressures that have led the Truman administration to yield one position after another and that may bring Taft into the White House are very strong indeed, and that even Eisenhower, who is now in almost as bad odor with the Chicago *Tribune* and other isolationist newspapers as General Marshall and Dean Acheson, might be forced to give in to them sooner or later. The present Eisenhower movement is not characterized by the exuberance one so often found among the supporters of Franklin Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie, or, for that matter, among Eisenhower supporters four years ago. That kind of exuberance seems to have passed out of American politics—for the time being, any-

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way. But there is a feeling in many quarters that Eisenhower's prestige might be great enough to bring about at least a temporary restoration of the national unity that existed in the early days of the bipartisan foreign policy and to allow the State and Defense Departments to spend their time and energies on putting that policy into effect rather than on defending it and making it palatable to its critics. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Central Islip (L.I.) News*]

Dear Sirs:

I read your copies of the C. I. NEWS most avidly when they arrive at this Post and want to thank you so much for continuing to follow me around the country with each edition. I have only one complaint and perhaps should phrase it as a query.

Aren't former employees, who are non-residents of Central Islip, allowed a slight line, under Servicemen's News? I have worked at C. I. as an attendant, trained there three years as a Student Nurse, and then worked a year as Head Nurse and can almost claim C. I. as "Home." When I joined the Army Nurse Corps last Spring, there were many people in town I wished to please call C. I. 8240 and claim your prize chicken.

Helen Hinchey is vacationing from her duties at the Emigrant Savings Bank in New York. At present she is visiting her Aunt, Mrs. Helen Duffy of Carleton Ave.

A party for a group of his little friends was given for Martin Trombley of Suffolk Ave., to celebrate his sixth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tolan of Clayton Street became the parents of a son, Michael Patrick, on Saturday, July 28. Little Michael was born at Dr. Kings Hospital, Bay Shore.

Lennie Lindquist Celebrates his 2nd birthday today, and his brother, Tommy will celebrate his first birthday tomorrow. Lennie and Tommy live at 26 St. Johns Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Trombley and family spent the first week of July visiting friends and relatives of Mrs. Trombley in Virginia and say goodbye to but didn't have the chance—perhaps you could let your readers, my friends, know where I am stationed now, although I am expecting to leave for Germany in two months and that my thoughts so often turn back to C. I. way. I would appreciate it so much!

Very Sincerely,
Lt. Nancy V. Brown—ANC
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EDITOR'S NOTE: Thank you for the above letter, Nancy. Keep us posted for your activities and remember to inform us of any change in your location.

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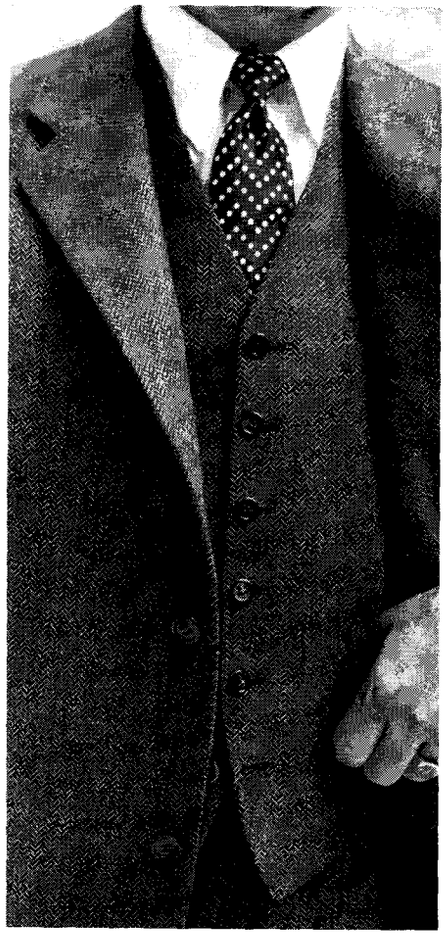

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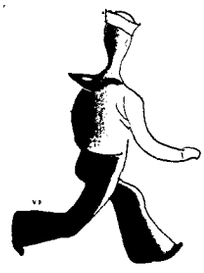
THE SQUIRREL

IT was about three o'clock when Henry Grayson left the restaurant, and for a moment he was blinded by the glare of the sunlight. The restaurant had been dark, and he had had three Martinis before lunch and a brandy afterward. As he waited for the doorman to call a cab, Grayson squinted his eyes and ran his tongue over his lips. There was a brassy taste in his mouth, and he felt more like taking a nap than going back to work.

A cab pulled up at the curb, and Grayson tipped the doorman and climbed inside. He gave the driver the address of his office, then settled into the seat. As the cab started to move he found himself looking at a boy of about six, who was staring at him over the partition between the front and rear sections of the cab. The boy was wearing an aviator's helmet and a striped polo shirt. He regarded Grayson in silence for a moment, and then broke into a wide grin that was dotted with missing teeth. Grayson smiled nervously and was trying to think of something to say when another head appeared alongside the first. It was that of a wide-eyed, wistful boy of perhaps five, who wore a blue Eton cap on top of which—Grayson clutched the hand strap in sudden alarm—was perched a gray squirrel. The squirrel sniffed about for a moment, then leaped to the top of the taxi meter. The boy retrieved it quickly, put it back on his head, and resumed staring at Grayson. The squirrel looked at Grayson, too, its eyes bulging out sidewise, and Grayson closed his eyes and passed his hand across his face, then opened his eyes again. The three of them were still looking at him.



Somewhere near them, but out of sight, a child asked, "Where are we going now, Daddy?" The driver didn't answer, and the child repeated the question.

"Downtown," the driver said wearily.

Carefully, so as not to get too close to the squirrel, Grayson leaned forward, and saw a third boy, sitting hunched up beneath the dashboard. This boy was younger than the others, and his small, protruding lower lip gave the impression that he was about to cry. Grayson settled back in his seat again, and the child said, "When are we going to go to Grant's Tomb?"

"We'll see," the driver said, and threw the cab out of gear as they reached a traffic pileup at the end of the block. He took a deep breath, then half turned in his seat and addressed Grayson. "I suppose you're wondering what this is all about," he said. "I suppose you think I must be nuts."

"Well, I—" Grayson said, and then stopped.

"I can tell you this, I almost *am* nuts," the driver said. "Since six o'clock this morning, we've been out. My wife had a baby yesterday, and last night the sitter called and said she was sick, so—here we are. The whole family but two—squirrel and all."

"It must be pretty crowded up there," Grayson said.

"You don't know the half of it," the driver said. "I got these two sitting on a box, here—when they're sitting, that is. I try to get them to scrunch down whenever we pass a cop, but it doesn't do much good. I been stopped once already by a cop, but when I told him the story he let me go." He shifted into gear as the lights changed. "That kind of luck is too good to last," he added thoughtfully. "And some of the complaints I've had! You should hear them. One dame was going to report me to the S.P.C.C. Another was frightened of the squirrel. Another said I couldn't drive right with all the kids up here. Christ Almighty! I can drive with— I'm sorry, fellows. I didn't mean to say that." He shook his head at the boys and started the cab with a jerk, and the squirrel braced itself and clutched the boy's hat, its tail snapping up and down to maintain balance.

"I want to go to Grant's Tomb," said the small boy under the dashboard.

"Listen, Georgie, what's got into you about Grant's Tomb?" the driver asked. "All day you've been asking to go to Grant's Tomb, and all day I've been telling you we'll go there if we get someone who *wants* to go there, but not unless."

"*I* want to go there," the boy said.

"Well, let's just wait and see," the driver said. "Let's just be patient, shall we?"

The eldest boy, who had been regarding Grayson in silence, spoke up. "Do you know any good games?" he asked.

"Well—" Grayson began. His head had started to ache, and he felt jittery and uncertain. He rolled down the window next to him. "What kind of game

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do you mean?" he asked. "You mean like baseball?" It was a stupid reply, and he knew it, but it was the first one that occurred to him.

"No, I mean something we can play here," the boy said. "Do you know any good question games?"

"Look, fellows, don't go bothering the gentleman," the driver said. "He isn't paying to be on any quiz show. Just turn around and relax, can't you?"

"I know a game," said the boy with the squirrel on his head.

"You don't know anything," his elder brother replied. "You're a dope."

"I am not." The boy took the squirrel from his head and, cupping it in his pudgy hands, rubbed his nose against the squirrel's. "I'm not a dope, am I?" he asked the squirrel. The squirrel sniffed him with apparent interest.

"You don't know what has four legs and flies," said the other. He turned to Grayson. "Do you know what has four legs and flies, Mister?" he asked.

"Fellows, will you *please* lay off the customers?" the driver said plaintively. "Come on—turn around and be good, now. We don't have much longer. Please."

I'M going insane, Grayson thought. He gripped the hand strap and looked out the window, but all he saw was a bright blur of cars and people, and there was nothing on which he could focus his attention. He lit a cigarette and crumpled the burnt match nervously, and then he heard a clicking noise and saw that the eldest boy was slowly moving the flag on the taxi meter back and forth. The driver saw it at the same time, and shot his hand out toward the meter. The cab swerved and barely missed the rear of a cab in front of them, the driver slammed on the brakes, and the boy with the squirrel toppled to the floor, clutching his pet to his chest.

"How many times have I told you to leave that flag alone?" the driver shouted. From behind them came an angry chorus of horns, and the driver shifted gears. "Go on, now," he said, his voice calm again. "Help your brother up. And keep your hands off that flag." He started the cab, glanced quickly at the meter, which now read twenty cents, and reached out and yanked the flag all the way down. "I'm sorry about that," he called back to Grayson. "You all right?"

Grayson tried to swallow, but his mouth was dry. "Yeah—sure," he said.

With considerable difficulty, the eldest boy got his brother, who would not loosen his grip on the now wild-eyed

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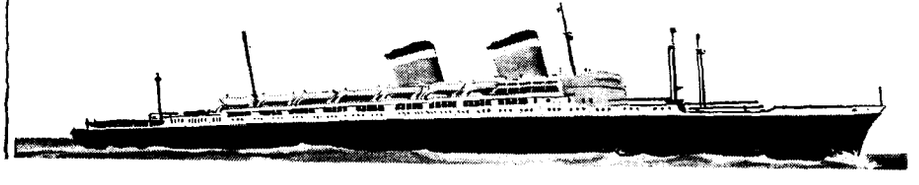

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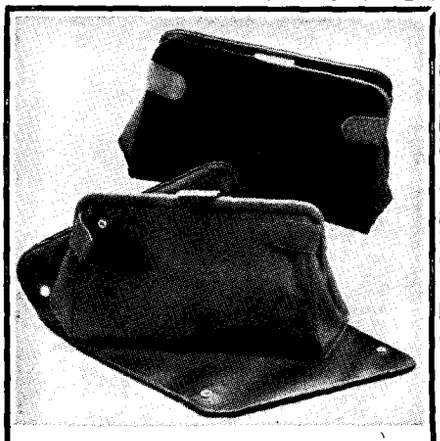

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squirrel, to his feet. Georgie, the boy beneath the dashboard, was stepped on several times during the process and complained loudly, but the other two paid no attention to him. They finally got into position again, facing Grayson, and there was a short silence. Then the boy with the squirrel said, "I'm hungry."

"That's too bad," the driver replied. "I can't do anything about it now."

"How about a hot dog, Pop?" the eldest boy said. "Couldn't we just have a hot dog?"

"No," said the driver.

"But I'm hungry," said the one with the squirrel. "I'm awful hungry, Pop."

A note almost of despair crept into the driver's voice. "Fellows, we had a big breakfast and a big lunch," he said. "There just isn't *time* to stop for anything more. We'll get something when we're through work, but not before."

"When will we be through?" the boy with the squirrel asked.

"Pretty soon. It won't be long now."

There was another silence, and then the eldest boy said, "I know. Let's sing." Before the driver could say anything, the boy started to sing "The Farmer in the Dell." The other two joined him and they sang the chorus of the song several times, bouncing up and down as they sang. The driver looked apologetically at Grayson and said something, but Grayson couldn't hear what it was. Then, when the singing had reached an almost lunatic pitch, the squirrel broke loose and shot like an arrow into the seat beside Grayson, zipped up his arm and across his shoulders, and darted back and forth on the leatherwork behind his head, its claws making a frantic scrabbling noise on the upholstery. Grayson, who had recoiled as though at an explosion, dimly heard screams from up front, and could just make out the words "*Close the window! Close the window!*" Crouching, he reached out and wound up the window, and at the same time he felt a sharp, tingling sensation as the squirrel zoomed up his back, paused briefly on his hat, and leaped off. The squirrel's owner now tumbled into the back of the cab and lunged around in loud pursuit. He finally cornered the squirrel behind one of the jump seats. Stroking the squirrel softly, the boy picked it up and sat down next to Grayson with it.

It was only then that Grayson realized the cab had stopped. The driver had pulled over to the side of the street and was looking back at him. The man's forehead and his upper lip glistened with perspiration, and he seemed not to hear

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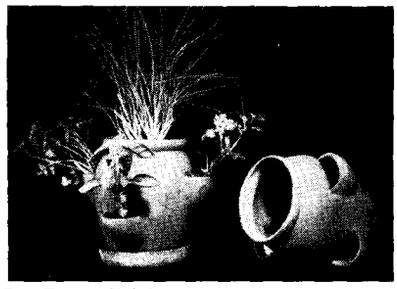

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Georgie, who, from his spot beneath the dashboard, was saying, "I have to go to the bathroom."

SLOWLY, Grayson took off his hat, wiped his forehead and neck with a handkerchief, and then put his hat on again. For a moment, he and the driver gazed at each other, and in the driver's face he saw the kind of stunned look that precedes complete loss of control. There was a pleading expression in the man's eyes, and Grayson wanted to say something to reassure him, but he could think of nothing except the fact that he wanted to get out of the cab as quickly as he could.

"I— I think I'll walk the rest of the way," Grayson said. "It isn't far now."

"I don't blame you," the driver said. "I'm sorry. I'm very sorry."

Grayson opened the door and got out, then looked back inside to see what the meter read.

"Forget it," said the driver. "I couldn't charge you for this."

"Oh, no." Grayson fumbled with his wallet, hesitated a second, and took out a five-dollar bill. "Here," he said. "Keep it."

The driver protested, but Grayson forced the bill on him and walked quickly away. He had gone several blocks before the feeling of unreality started to wear off. Then he began to feel depressed and, finally, completely ashamed of himself. He stopped and looked around, hoping that the cab might be somewhere behind him, but it had vanished in the traffic. Grayson looked for a long time, then turned and slowly walked the rest of the way to his office.

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

Q. My husband comes from a very common family and upon occasions he will admit it under pressure. Lately he has been telling people before me that he is just as good as I am. This makes me look foolish as my brother is a councilman. Should I leave him? Mrs. Arla C. D.
—*Long Beach (Calif.) Press-Telegram.*

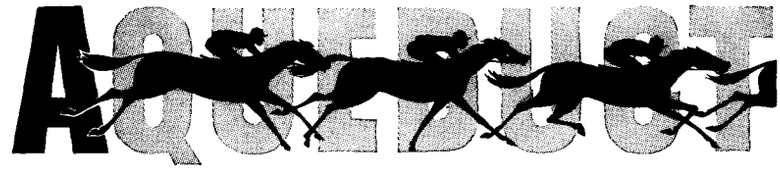
Either that or get your brother impeached.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Film Daily*]

Television, indeed, is a bar to its own progress, thanks to the obstacles inherent in it, and will not be competitive to the motion picture theater in the foreseeable future—a point well made during the Round Table discussion, and dully reported in Your Favorite Industry Newspaper yesterday.



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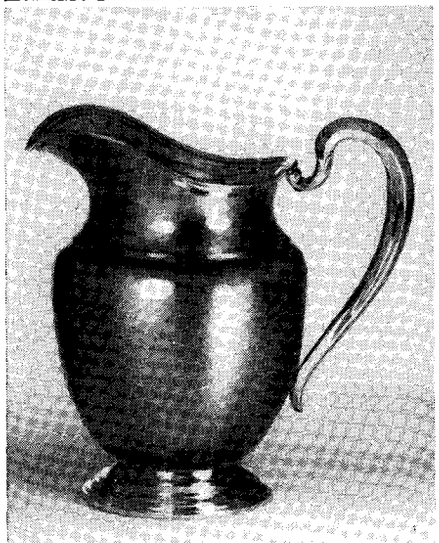

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THE RACE TRACK

A Fool and His Money

PERHAPS it's just as well not to be too enthusiastic about any horse these days, owing to the super-instability of the breed lately. Nevertheless, after Tom Fool won the Grand Union Hotel Stakes at Saratoga last Saturday, a number of critical watchers (among them this department) concluded that the Greentree Stable's colt will repeat his performance in the Hopeful Stakes this weekend. In fact, some were inclined to put Tom Fool on a small pedestal, replacing Hill Gail, Calumet Farm's golden nonesuch, who finished out of the money in the Prairie State Stakes at Washington Park, in Chicago, the other afternoon. I wouldn't go quite that far, but Tom Fool seems to me to do two things particularly well. He can take the lead early, as he did on two previous occasions, and he can come up fast at the end, as he did in the Grand Union, running down such quick fellows as Hannibal and Jet Master and then staving off the sturdy challenge of Cousin. In fairness to Cousin, who finished second, and Jet Master, who was third, it must be reported that Cousin stumbled slightly at the start and that Jet Master left the stall gate more slowly than usual. Besides, both carried four pounds more than Tom Fool. Even so, I suggest that 4–5 against Tom Fool for the Hopeful is a square price, if you can get it.

In case you haven't kept up with Tom Fool (he has done all his racing at Saratoga), he is a medium-size, compact, well-balanced, and neatly made bay by Menow out of Gaga. He was bred by Duval Headley, who sold him to Greentree last year. How much he cost has never been announced, but you can bet that it was a lovely dollar. For one thing, Tom Fool is a half brother of Aunt Jinny, the best two-year-old filly last season; for another, Mr. Headley is no green hand in the horse business. Be that as it may, Tom Fool has done better than a lot of Greentree's other expensive purchases; to date, he has earned $27,025, and more is to come.

WHILE we're on the subject of Greentree's success—and racegoers are talking of hardly anything else—I doubt whether the stable ever had a better meeting at Saratoga than the one that winds up this weekend. In the first eighteen days, it won fifteen races—almost that fabulous "one a day and live forever" that is the dream of all racing men. Last Saturday, it just missed a perfect afternoon. After Tom Fool had won the Grand Union, Stormy Cruise made a spectacular run through the stretch to beat eleven other two-year-old fillies, so most of the crowd counted on One Hitter, in the Saratoga Handicap, to make it three in a row. But One Hitter was bumped shortly after the start, never settled down to running, and finished fifth. Meanwhile, Mr. Trouble led most of the way, only to be passed in the last strides by Lone Eagle, a 15–1 shot. I've had half an eye on Lone Eagle ever since he nearly brought off a 100–1 chance in the Suburban last May. (Actually, he was $96.35 to $1—but let's not quibble—and he paid $65.50 to place.) He's a big, long-striding animal, and worth remembering for the Cup races in the autumn. After all, he ran third in the mile-and-three-quarter St. Leger Stakes in England two years ago.

IT wasn't at all surprising that Blue Case was 25–1 in the Spinaway Stakes, the Spa's big event for two-year-old fillies, the other day. Horseplayers who looked up her past performances discovered that she hadn't done anything worth mentioning since she won the Rosedale Stakes at Jamaica early last May, and didn't give her another thought till they saw her outfinish Rose Jet, the favorite. And I don't suppose that any hunch player in town had a two-dollar parlay on Blue Moon in the fifth, who clicked at $6.30; Blue Case in the sixth, at $53.50; and Steel Blue in the seventh, at $10.60. Don't bother figuring the thing out. The book probably wouldn't have paid off anyhow.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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	W.	L.	Pct.	G.B.
Dodgers	72	38	.655	—
Giants	64	51	.557	10½
Philadelphia	57	57	.500	16!
St. Louis	52	55	.486	18½
Boston	52	57	.477	19!
Cincinnati	52	59	.468	20½
Chicago	49	60	.450	22½
Pittsburgh	46	67	.407	27½

—The Compass

Just give the standings. No comments, please.

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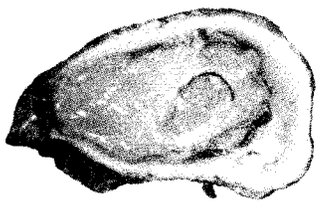
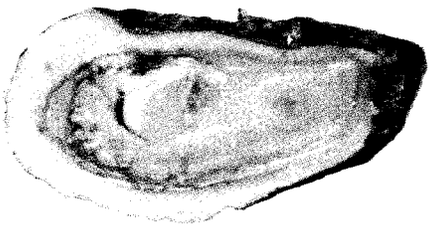
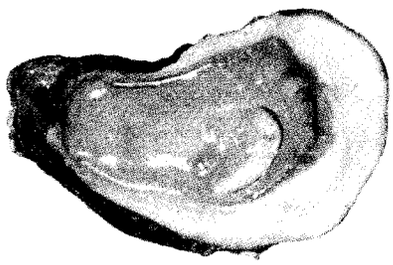
GUINNESS GUIDE TO OYSTERS



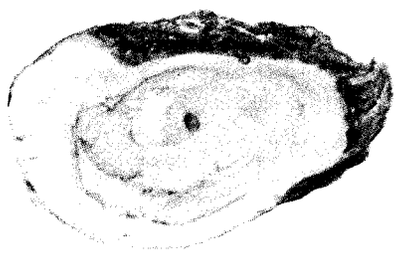
CAPE CODS : An oyster of superb flavor. Its chief enemy is the starfish, which wraps its arms about the oyster and forces the valves open with its feet. The battle lasts for hours, until the starfish is rewarded with a good meal, but alas, no Guinness.



NEW ORLEANS : This was Jean Lafitte's oyster, which is now used in Oysters Rockefeller. Valuable pearls are never found in *ostrea virginica*, the family to which East Coast oysters belong.



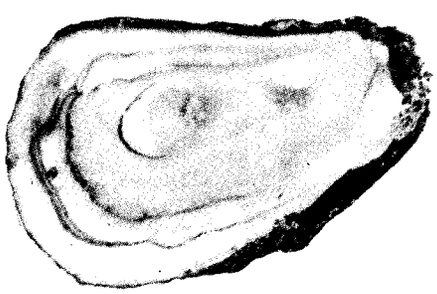
GREENPORT : These oysters have a salty flavor all their own. They were a smash hit with the whalers who shipped out of Greenport in olden days. Oysters contain iron, copper, iodine, calcium, magnesium, phosphorous, Vitamin A, thiamine, riboflavin and niacin. The Emperor Tiberius practically lived on oysters.



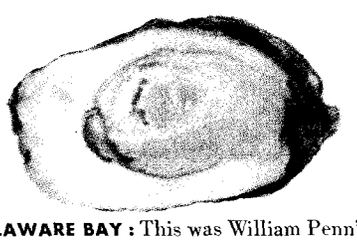
OYSTER BAY: Oyster Bays are mild and heavy-shelled. It is said that oysters yawn at night. Monkeys know this and arm themselves with small stones. They watch for an oyster to yawn and then pop the stone in between the shells. "Thus the oyster is exposed to the greed of the monkeys."

TANGIER : This is one of the sweetest and most succulent oysters. It comes from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Pocahontas fed Tangiers to Captain John Smith, with famous results. Oysters go down best with Guinness, which has long been regarded as the perfect complement for all sea-food.

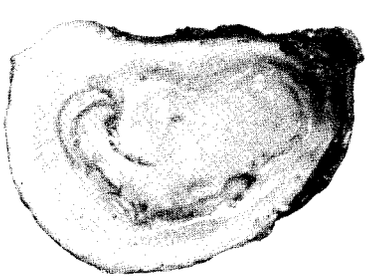
BLUEPOINTS : These delicious little oysters from Great South Bay somewhat resemble the famous English 'natives' of which Disraeli wrote: "I dined or rather supped at the Carlton . . . off oysters, Guinness and broiled bones, and got to bed at half past twelve. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."



LYNNHAVEN : These gigantic oysters were Diamond Jim Brady's favorites. More fishermen are employed catching oysters than any other sea food. The Damariscotta mound in Maine contains three million bushels of oyster shells, piled there by prehistoric Bradys.



DELAWARE BAY : This was William Penn's favorite oyster. Only 15% of oysters are eaten on the half-shell. The rest find their way into stews, or end their days in a blaze of glory as "Angels on Horseback." One oyster was distinctly heard to whistle.



CHINCOTEAGUES : Many epicures regard Chincoteagues as the supreme aristocrats of the oyster tribe, but some West Coast gourmets prefer the Olympia oyster, which is no bigger than your thumbnail. Both Chincoteagues and Olympias are at their best with Guinness.

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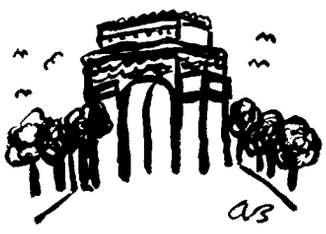
LETTER FROM PARIS

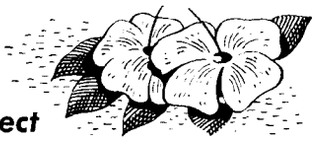
August 23

AFTER thirty-two days of being without a government, the French find it nice to have one again. They think it ought to last just about thirty-two days, too. Actually, it will probably survive the current *petite* session of Parliamentary powwows and Parliament's seven weeks of autumn holiday. After that, say the de Gaulliste deputies, who already have named it "the vacation government," their General will push out Premier René Pleven's present setup and install his own. There has never before been such a huge Cabinet—a result of the government's effort to obtain a majority—as there is now, even in Léon Blum's Front Populaire regime, which had an Under-Secretary of State for Leisure. According to that cynical old cartoonist Sennep, this one includes several Ministries of Blah-Blah-Blah, or plain gab. It is a tragedy for French democracy, already split into pro-Communist and anti-Communist camps, that it now has a second violent split, on state aid to Catholic schools, with the anticlericals and Socialists bitterly against and the clerical Popular Republicans obstinately for—and with all parties glumly admitting that what France unquestionably needs is a thousand new schools of one sort or another. Today's *problème scolaire* is a revival of the question of the separation of Church and State, considered buried in the early nineteen-hundreds; is another stale battle in the Wars of Religion; is one more struggle between the two types of Frenchmen—a duality that has made modern France.



The big down-to-earth problem facing whatever government will see France through the autumn months is the intolerable rise in the cost of living. According to the nth set of world statistics published here lately, the French cost of living has gone up twenty and six-tenths per cent since the beginning of the Korean War—the third-highest rise among the world's nations, with Austria first, Finland second, and the United States ninth. Paris taxis have just gone up again; bus, Métro, and commutation tickets have just jumped another third; with the sanction of the Ministry of Tourism, hotels have just received the right to boost their prices ten to twelve per cent. The government's Social Security fund is suddenly without funds, because being kind to citizens has been costing three hundred per cent more than the original fine idea figured on. This summer's wheat price, on which the cost of next winter's bread will depend, has just been hiked thirty-nine per cent by the Minister of Agriculture. To compensate for this coming winter's price of bread, Parliament launched "Operation Bifteck," to try to control the winter price of beef, which has gone up fifty-seven per cent since June, 1950. Prices in general are so high that the French who could afford the economy went to Spain for a cheaper vacation. In an unprecedented manner, American tourists here have complained that a modest Paris lunch, with a modest cocktail of French gin (one called "Old Lady"), costs as much as if they had stayed home and had a modest lunch and Martini in New York.

THE death of Louis Jouvet was, if one may say so, the popular event of the month. It interested and affected the population of Paris to an extent that nobody—probably not even he, expert as he was on public reactions—would have thought likely. It was suitably dramatic. Stricken at rehearsal in his Théâtre de l'Athénée, he lay on a cot in his managerial office there for two days and two nights, in a speechless, recumbent pose, while completing his act of dying. Then the cot in the office became his bier, while thousands of Parisians, after work hours, stopped the traffic in the Rue Caumartin as they queued up to climb the little staircase backstage to give him, in their fashion, their final respectful applause. He was the only present-day intellectual French actor who was popular with the masses. Not once but day after day the newspapers devoted whole pages to him, retracing his career and attainments as if he had been a leading governing figure, which in a way he was—the governor of the French theatre, the actor-manager who acted and managed so that the great French classics, the fantasies of Giraudoux, the décors of Bérard became part of people's lives when the curtain rose. Giraudoux's most imaginative play, "The Madwoman of Chaillot," on which the author practically worked himself to death, was produced posthumously. Then Bérard was fatally stricken in the Théâtre Marigny. Now the third of the



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trio that made an epoch in the French theatre has died where he belonged—in the Athénée.

PARIS is always full of literary prizes, just as Monte Carlo is always full of gamblers. The tables were half turned lately by the creation of the Grand Prix Littéraire of the Principality of Monaco, endowed by Prince Rainier III, for an *ensemble* of work written in French by a foreigner. The prize for 1951 was given to the bilingual American writer Julian Green. The kudos of the Monaco prize has centered on Green's "Journal, 1946-1950," just published here, the fifth of his diaries, which he has been writing since 1928. Nothing could localize more specifically his development into a French rather than an American writer than the laureate volume. Perhaps no popular literary novelist writing in America—Green's novel "Moïra," published here last year, sold thirty-five thousand copies, which gives it a French best-seller rank—has, like Green, been reading Greek, Hebrew, and Latin texts, the Bible, German, Italian, and French poetry and prose masterpieces, keeping up with the moderns in several languages, or even writing a diary that is likely to give such cheering news. Green's "Journal" illustrates his belief that a writer has a professional obligation to himself to read great writers and should also consider his literary relationship with God. In one of his recent entries, he says, "What is it God wants of the artist, and how may it be known?" From the Catholic conversions and revivalism in the old Bœuf sur le Toit literary circle, under the influence of Jacques Maritain, from the swing to Catholicism of some of Britain's present-day writers, and even from today's French contingent, spurred on by churchman François Mauriac—from no one of these sources, apparently, has ever come into print such an acute personal Catholic reaction or such a list of Christian worries as come from Green in his "Journal." Green's is a real personal concern with "the irritating question of body and soul," of faith, hell, damnation, chastity, and the salvation of humanity, with a precise curiosity about immortality that seems at once strangely medieval and rather American. In his diary, he also tells about his dreams and his illuminating fits of depression, sets down travel and personal notes, makes stimulating literary observations on whatever he is reading, whether Somerset Maugham or Pascal, and gives careful descriptions of his frequent meetings with the Protestant-born Gide. Gide, the unbeliever, said to him,

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in one of his lighter contributions to the famous argument about Christianity that he carried on for years with his friend the very Catholic poet Claudel, "Claudel is a gentleman who thinks one can go to Heaven in a Pullman." Back through Green came Claudel's riposte: "Gide will go to Hell on the Métro." Unlike the journals of Gide, the complete diarist, Green's diary almost angrily omits carnality. Like a monk, he writes, "I hate the sexual instinct, which throws wise people at the feet of so many imbeciles. . . . My greatest sin will have been not to want to accept *la condition humaine*."

JUST before five thousand young French Communists started off for the recent third International Youth Festival, in East Berlin, the sardonic anti-Communist poster outfit here that calls itself Paix et Liberté brought out a significant poster to catch the young travellers' eyes. It read, "For Your Vacation, Visit the U.S.S.R., Land of Liberty." The poster's picture showed men and women behind bars and padlocked to the Kremlin. Picasso, in turn, designed a scarf for the French youngsters to wear in Berlin. It is a metre square, chic, signed by him, printed vividly on white cotton, sold for four hundred and fifty francs at the Jeunesse Montmartre office, and shows black, yellow, red, and white heads in profile, illustrative of the races of man, back to back and facing up and down, like heads on playing cards, with his celebrated dove of peace in the middle. In handwriting on its borders, it says, "Festival Mondial de la Jeunesse et des Etudiants Pour la Paix, Berlin, 5-19 Août, 1951." It is an extraordinary historical folk-art item by the Master.

The only two Paris newspapers that gave the youth rally elaborate daily coverage were political opposites—*L'Humanité*, the Party paper, and the upper-class *Figaro*, which sent its excellent roving reporter Mme. Dominique Auclères, who is as expert in German as she is on Germany. Unfortunately, most Parisians read only one paper's reports, depending on which one they believed in. One had to read both to get the full, alarming story. So far, only *L'Humanité* has printed in full the oath that the assembled youth swore, in shouting unison, as their last festival act. It runs, in part, as follows: "We, two million young girls and young boys from one hundred and four countries, have come together here in Berlin for the third International Festival to declare once more to the entire world that the younger generations ev-

Grace

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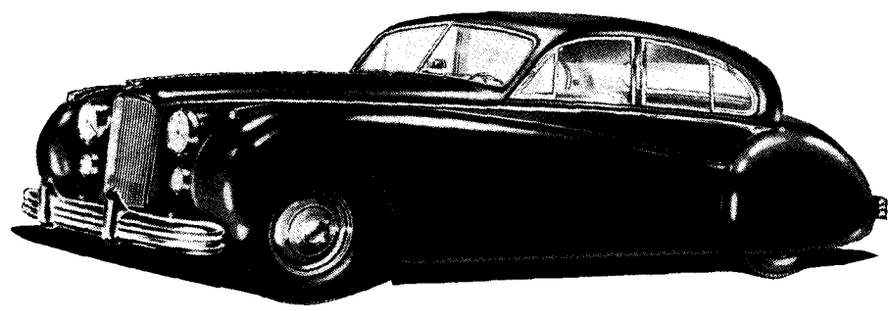

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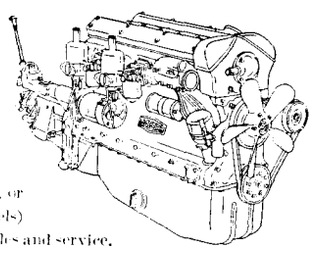

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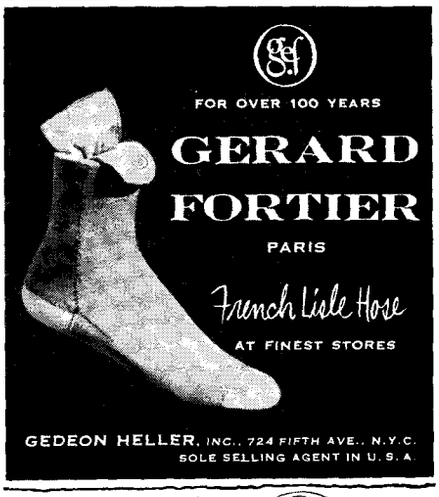

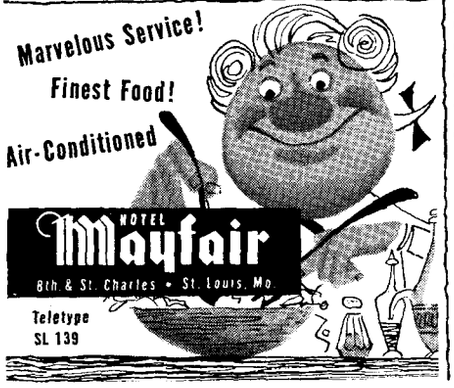

erywhere unshakably aspire to peace and a better future. We are aware that upon the world weighs the grave menace of a new war, that youth would be the first sacrifice. We firmly believe there is a means of preventing a new war: Stop the armaments race and make a peace pact among the Five Great Powers [France, the United States, England, China, and Russia—the pact the Communists have recently been plugging]. We make this solemn vow: to draw into this peace struggle still more millions of young boys and young girls. We swear to give all our force to the campaign for the peace pact among the Five Powers. In this solemn hour, we give our oath to remain faithful to the labors of peace." If some of the adults in the hundred and four countries were not weary of the Communist propagandist war cry of peace, the Berlin oath might sound fine.

SEVEN years ago, on August 25th, Paris was liberated. The liberation itself began earlier on the streets, in the emergence of French men and women of the Underground. "L'INSURRECTION FAIT TRIOMPHER LA REPUBLIQUE A PARIS, LES TROUPES ALLIEES SONT A SIX KILOMETRES DE LA CAPITALE," the clandestine Resistance newspaper *Combat* jubilated in headlines on its first public copy to come from the press, on August 21st. *Combat* has just printed a photograph of that euphoric front page, along with some less happy up-to-date comments. *Combat* is, it should be noted, anti-Communist, even anti-Socialist, and Albert Camus, author of "The Plague," was among its first brilliant editors. "Since 1944," *Combat* commented sadly, "the world has changed. Only the inquietude remains the same. What seemed easy in August, 1944—liberty, security, social justice—has run up against the permanent obstacles of oppressive capitalism, intolerance, and privilege. We still have faith in man, in man only, in his good sense, in his good will." There are many, many French, even of Rightist political views, who, as they look back over those seven years, agree about these disappointments, which they think have come not from others but from their own leaders. —GENÊT

•

UP10

HOLLYWOOD, AUG. 2.—(UP)—MICHELINE PRELLE WITHDREW FROM A STARRING ROLE IN A MOVIE TODAY AND ANNOUNCED SHE EXPECTS A BABY STORK IN DECEMBER. —*U.P. dispatch.*

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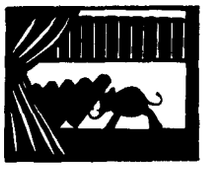
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MANOWEN, by Esther Penny Boutcher (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A good, forthright American romance, set some time after the Civil War on a small, wild island off Long Island. Miss Boutcher's hero is in every way cast in the classic mold, and his life is a classic of adventuring, judicious hardship, and final good fortune. He is an orphan—handsome, bright, and well bred—and is sent to lodge with his mysterious and wealthy uncle, who lives in a remote and ornate mansion presided over by a gorgeous Cuban named Maria Josepha. The story has a number of plots and three beautiful heroines, and ends in a happy old age for the hero and the third heroine, who enjoy an ideal marriage and make a great deal of money out of silkworms.



ENTER MRS. BELCHAMBER, by Elizabeth Cadell (Morrow). The idea that a bossy and disagreeably outspoken old lady is basically as lovable as all getout has, it would seem, a never-failing attraction for the reading public. A well-to-do English harridan exemplifies this curious theory here by pushing around a young man she meets on a train in France, taking over the three children he's been put in charge of—one of whom has measles—and reforming the owner of the English farmhouse in which they all settle down for the duration of their quarantine. Her machinations are described in a sort of semi-worldly chirrup that indicates the author probably has designs on Margery Sharp's admirers, and with a tidiness that will undoubtedly succeed in luring a number of them into her fold.

MR. SMITH, by Louis Bromfield (Harper). The Mr. Smith whose autobiography, dashed off while he was stationed on a Pacific island during the last war, is presented here in the guise of a novel, personifies the average fairly well-heeled, middle-aged American male. His plight, Mr. Bromfield informs us in this roundabout fashion, is a fearful thing to contemplate. Smith can't abide his wife, his children, his job, the décor of his ranch-type house, or his associates, all for rather intricate sociological and sexual reasons, which he sets forth at some length. An affair with a lady who's lived all the hell over Europe, and has taken to dope, isn't, alas, much of a solution to his dilemma. Stylistically, Smith is an uncommonly depressing novelist, addicted to a great many of the clichés current in the late twenties, which makes his jeremiad even more dismal than it might otherwise have been.

THE MAN FROM THE TUNNEL, by Theodora Benson (Appleton-Century-Crofts). A collection of short stories notable chiefly for the absence of any material that could be considered even remotely routine. Among the nineteen items in the book are an old Javanese legend with a sardonically modern twist, a not especially humorous piece featuring Shakespeare, a story dealing with the appearance of Jack the Ripper in New York, and an overlong account of the doings of pseudo-intellectuals in present-day London. Miss Benson is strongly attached to the Orient, to judge by a group of stories that point out, with rueful elegance, that it's a whale of a confusing place for an Occidental to find himself. When she turns her hand to a straight horror story and omits the frills—as in "A Nice Fright," for example—she does an extremely competent job.

GENERAL

MASTER ART FORGER, by John Godley (Wilfred Funk). An account of the almost incredible career of Han van Meegeren, the Dutch artist who, between 1936 and 1946, faked six canvases in the technique and style of the seventeenth-century painter Jan Vermeer, of Delft, and two in the manner of Pieter de Hooch, and sold them for a total of seven hundred and sixty-three thousand pounds sterling. Van Meegeren, a plodding, rather academic, painter, bore a deep grudge against art critics because they failed to appreciate his work, and it is believed by many people that his first "Vermeer" was done merely to show up the experts and prove to them that he was as great a master as they were fools. Whatever the reason, that picture, "Christ at Emmaus," was hailed as one of Vermeer's greatest, and was bought and

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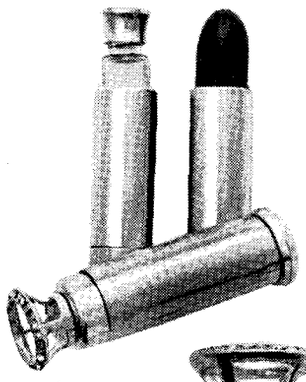
enshrined by the Dutch government. Every art authority in Europe who examined it was gulled, and van Meegeren was rewarded beyond his most megalomaniacal dreams. The story, which could have been written better, has elements of high farce as well as of tragedy, and it also puts the whole concept of the value of great paintings in a terribly embarrassing light. Illustrations.

THE LOST LIBRARY, by Walter Mehring (Bobbs-Merrill). In this curious work, Mr. Mehring, a novelist, essayist, and poet better known in Europe than here, gives us "an autobiography of a culture" in terms of a library he once owned and was forced to abandon when he fled from the Nazis. Mr. Mehring, a native Berliner who was definitely non grata in the Third Reich, went to Vienna after Hitler's coup, and his books, most of which had been collected by his bibliophile father, followed him there—and were left there when Austria went down. In this narrative, to use the term very freely, he tells of his opening of the packing cases; as each volume is taken out, it evokes some aspect of the great tradition of Western culture, which, with the Brown Shirts yapping at the fragile Austrian border, seems to the author to be in its twilight. It is a dizzying but fascinating flow of wit and words; Mr. Mehring hops, skips, and jumps about in European letters, now lighting on Rabelais or the Marquis de Sade, now on Gide, Balzac, or E.T.A. Hoffmann, now on anyone else who strikes his fancy. The result is a little like a brandy highball with champagne in place of the soda.

JOURNEY WITH GENIUS, by Witter Bynner (John Day). Yet another sortie into what might be loosely described as the private lives of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Bynner first whipped out his fountain pen in Taos in 1922, shortly after meeting this most diligently observed of couples, and he kept the ink in it flowing almost continuously during a joint expedition through Mexico the next year. In retrospect, he feels that he should have taken warning at the outset from the fact that among the Taos Indians he himself was known as Mountain Antelope and Lawrence as Red Wolf, and that "there might be hazard in an . . . association" between such an oddly assorted pair. As things turned out, Red Wolf bared his fangs with gratifying regularity, Mountain Antelope exercised his powers of anal-



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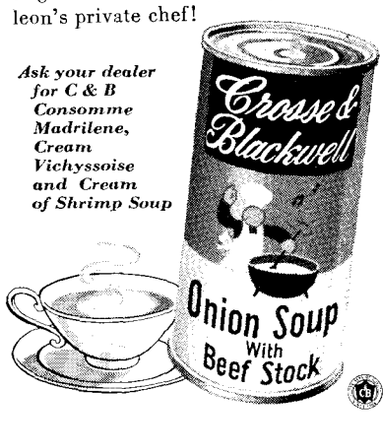

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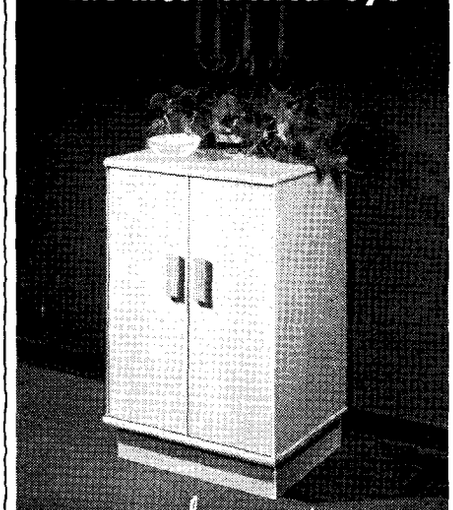

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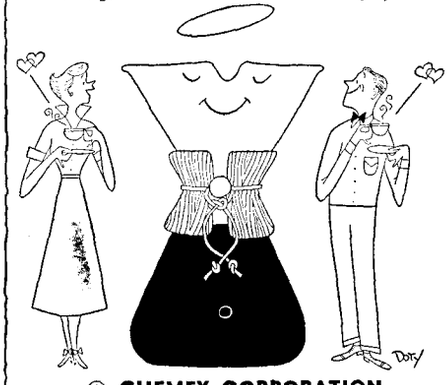

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ysis on both him and his published works, Mrs. Lawrence (Angry Winter) grew a noticeable halo, and Bynner's secretary, known as Spud, or the Spoodle, kept bursting into laughter. Lawrence eventually recorded his version of the jaunt—not especially successfully from Mountain Antelope's viewpoint—in "The Plumed Serpent," a novel that Mr. Bynner doesn't feel can be ranked with Lawrence's best work. Illustrated with photographs and sketches.

ANDRÉ GIDE, by Albert J. Guerard (Harvard). An informed and subtle critique of Gide's principal works of fiction that is also, perforce, an interpretation of his restless personality. Although a good many people may not be very receptive to the idea, Professor Guerard presents a strong case for his contention that André Gide was one of the "makers" of the modern mind. For fifty years, in an age of doubt, when every tenet of ethics and morality and religion was being questioned, Gide was one of the most disturbing questioners; in one sense, he might be called an *un*-maker of the modern mind. The book focusses on those novels, like "The Immoralist" and "The Counterfeiters," that best illumine Gide in his self-appointed role of "de-moralizer"—a challenger and destroyer of fixed or preconceived opinions, of "restrictive institutions," and of all "*a priori* notions concerning the nature of man." Professor Guerard attempts to show how Gide reconstructed his own ethic, and tries to give the reader an idea of what that ethic was. In this he has not been wholly successful, although Gide, shortly before his death, read the book and, as attested by two appended letters from him, seemed to concur in most of the author's theses. By and large, this is one of the most brilliant studies of Gide in existence; it transcends literary criticism and enters the region of philosophy.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS 1950, by Richard P. Stebbins (Harper). The fifth postwar volume of this distinguished annual. The author, assisted by the research staff of the Council on Foreign Relations, covers the major events and issues that affected or were affected by American foreign policy during 1950, including the strengthening of the Atlantic community and the flareup of open hostilities in the Far East. Mr. Stebbins is a cool, factual historian, but he doesn't write in a vacuum emptied of all opinion, and

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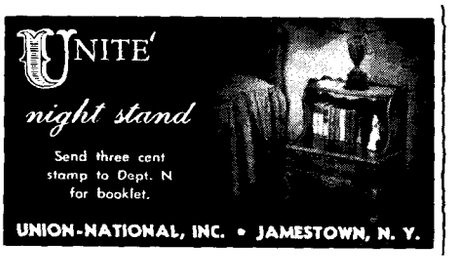

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Chosen "best of winners" at Gordon Setter show!

Handler Charles Crane poses *Halenfred Bright Deil* after the Gordon Setter added 5 more points toward its dog show record at the Gordon Setter Specialty Show, Trenton, N. J. Says Crane, "Deil's glossy coat and his amazing stamina have always been something to admire—thanks to his well-balanced diet. As a matter of fact, his abundance of energy is the reason he was named 'Deil,' which is Scottish for 'devil.' There's no doubt in my mind that Armour's Dash Dog Food is playing a mighty important part in bringing this fellow along so quickly toward his championship!" Start *your* dog on Dash today!

Dash—fortified with liver!

parts of the book, notably those discussing the disastrous cracks in American unity and their causes, will not be pleasing to anyone with immovably fixed ideas.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

STRANGLE HOLD, by Mary McMullen (Harper). Since Mary McMullen is a daughter of the justly celebrated Helen Reilly, it is only natural that her first book should be a mystery and a good one. The action takes place in an advertising agency, where the goings on are fairly gruesome even before the naked body of a brunette turns up in one of the conference rooms. The author is clearly familiar with the peculiar idiom and habits of the advertising world, and she has provided a very acceptable combination of humor, excitement, and romance.

THE WRONG BODY, by Anthony Gilbert (Random House). This book is concerned with three elderly and practically indistinguishable Englishwomen, one of whom has come into a modest inheritance, another who decides to impersonate her and get the money for herself, and a third who is just what might be called a guilty bystander. None of these ladies is especially interesting in herself, but Mr. Gilbert's story has some ingenuity and suspense and might easily make quite a pleasant movie for Mr. Alfred Hitchcock. The detective who gets everything sorted out is Arthur Crook, who hasn't much to recommend him socially but is a handy man to have around when the clues are scarce and misleading.

•

CENTRIFUGE

The brain is whirling in the skull
as on a roulette wheel. The whole
green afternoon's centrifugal
like beaten batter in a bowl:
A blur of grass, a bank of boughs,
a rim of roofs whip round and round—
until, abruptly, house on house
goes slam against the tilted ground.
The dizzy orbit slacks. The mass
breaks into lone trees tottering
toward where, upon a tip of grass,
a green worm ends its giddy swing.

—PETER DUFAULT

•

Hysterical old barn by the side of the road easily converted into home, studio or country theatre. 3 rolling acres. Norwalk 6-3124.—*Darien* (*Conn.*) *Review.*

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JERI MILLER

Which girl will be Miss Rheingold 1952?

It's up to you! Vote now at your nearby Rheingold store or tavern!

YES, you are one of the voters in one of America's largest elections. For it's time for you to choose your favorite girl for '52—Miss Rheingold.

Get out the vote for your favorite!

Vote yourself—tell all your friends to vote. You'll find ballot boxes in every Rheingold store and tavern—more than 35,000 in the metropolitan area. Remember that your vote can make the difference, for every ballot is carefully tabulated by an independent, impartial research organization.

Second-largest election in the U.S.A.!

Last year, 8,284,127 votes were cast. And no wonder, for what could be more fun than voting for *your* favorite among six pretty girls? This year, it looks like a bigger election than ever.

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One of the lovely girls above will win $5,000 in cash plus a minimum of $1,600 in model fees. And, as Miss Rheingold 1952, she'll be the most photographed girl in town. You'll see her wherever you go—on billboards, car cards, in magazines, newspapers, tavern and store displays—in Rheingold advertising *wherever* Rheingold is sold!

Don't miss the fun—vote today!

And, while you're voting in Greater New York's largest election, try the town's largest-selling beer, the original *extra dry,* Rheingold. You'll notice the delightful difference that *extra dryness* makes—you'll agree with millions of others, Rheingold Extra Dry *is beer as beer should taste!*

(Election closes September 26, 1951)

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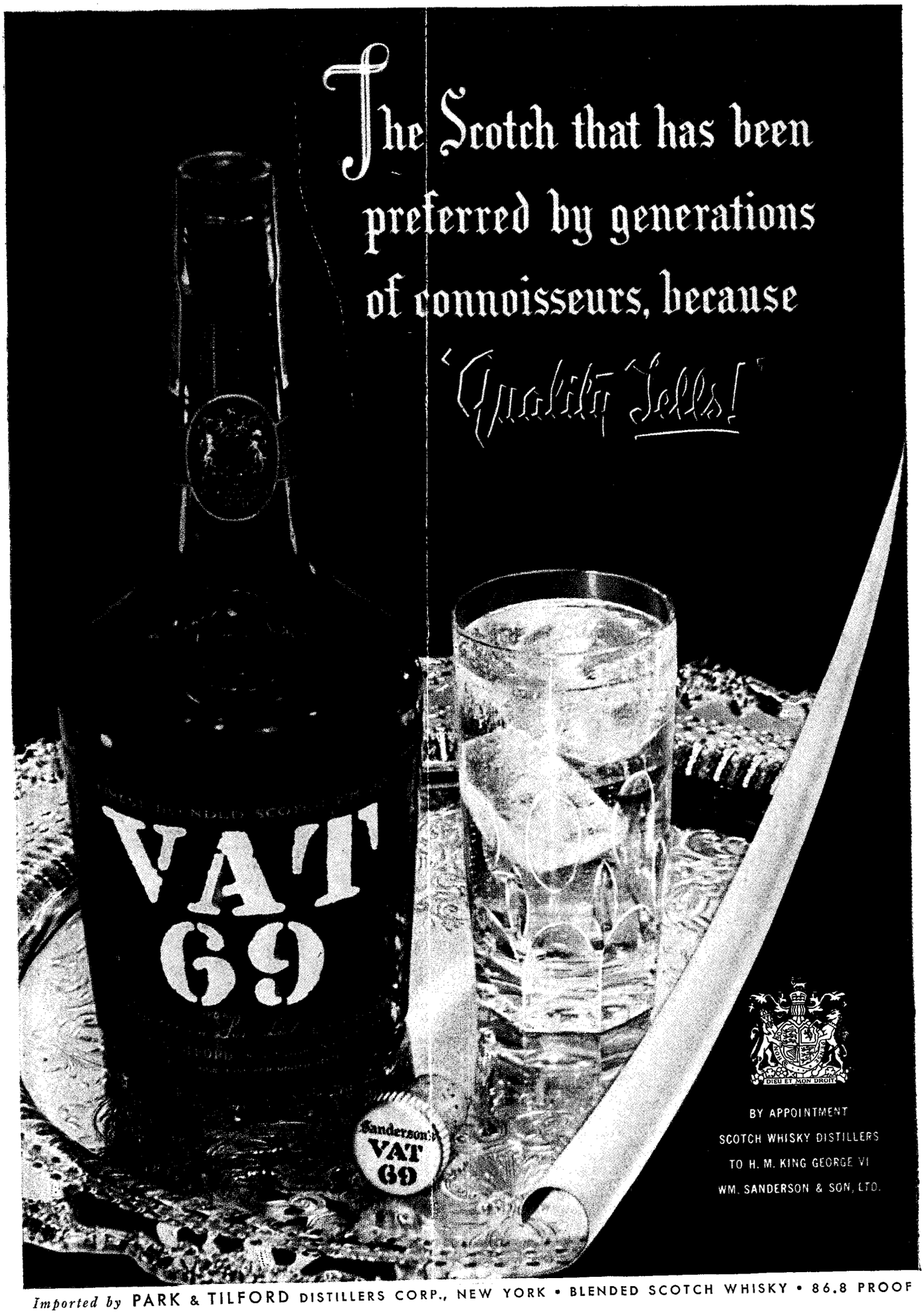
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